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As one of its major activities in carrying out its purpose, the Society publishes a monthly magazine, the Canadian Geographical Journal, which is devoted to every phase of geography—historical, physical, and economic—first of Canada, then of the British Empire and of the other parts of the world in which Canada has special interest. It is the intention to publish articles in this magazine that will be popular in character, easily read, well illustrated and educational to the young as well as informative to the adult.

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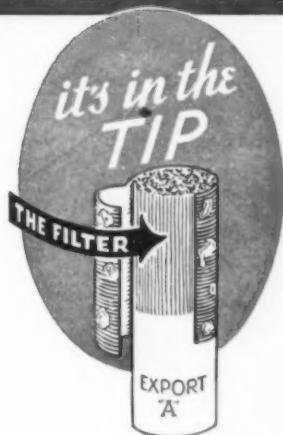
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Editor - Gordon M. Dallyn

172 WELLINGTON STREET, OTTAWA

This magazine is dedicated to the interpretation, in authentic and popular form, with extensive illustration, of geography in its widest sense, first of Canada, then of the rest of the British Commonwealth, and other parts of the world in which Canada has special interest.

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The British standard of spelling is adopted substantially as used by the Dominion Government and taught in most Canadian schools, the precise authority being the Oxford Dictionary as edited in 1929.

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St. Edward's Crown, copied in the time of Charles II from the ancient Crown worn by Edward the Confessor, is the Crown of England and is the Crown with which all our Monarchs since that time have been crowned.

London News

THE CORONATION

Some Impressions of a Canadian

WELL, I have seen the Coronation. I and three or four million others. That is, we saw the King and Queen ride by in the procession and we heard the ceremony over the radio.

It was very gorgeous, very magnificent, very splendid, just as we all expected. But what we shall probably remember the longest was the London crowd.

More people may have been gathered together in one place at one time on some former occasion. But mention of it has escaped my attention. I don't know just how many of us there were from Canada, but bearing in mind the number of ships that sailed from Montreal and Quebec in that last week of April one would guess there must have been at least 5,000. A visit to Canada House around 11 o'clock in the morning any day during the Coronation period suggested there may have been 25,000. On the street one met friends from Edmonton, Rivière du Loup, Victoria or Fredericton at every corner.

There were as many more from India, a great many from Australia and New Zealand, an astonishingly large number from Africa and from the West Indies. Most of them were whites, but for the past two or three weeks one never walked more than a block or two down Piccadilly or the Strand without meeting Indians and Africans and Fijians and other members of the coloured races.

For about 48 hours prior to the Coronation ceremony the trains from all parts of the British Isles were unloading passengers by the thousand at intervals of three or four minutes in a score of great terminals throughout London.

The normal population of London is about 10,000,000 people. The police say there were about 2,000,000 visitors in town for the Coronation, and they estimate that more than 3,000,000 saw the procession.

It seems incredible. I was one of the fortunate ones who saw the procession from our own Canada House. A police sergeant with some experience in the matter told me there were more than 200,000 people under my eyes in Trafalgar

Square alone. I suppose if I were to add in the people jammed along Northumberland Avenue down to the Embankment—a not very long block entirely within our range of vision—there must have been as many people in front of me as the entire population of Winnipeg, or Vancouver, or of Ottawa and Hamilton put together.

What those people went through to see their King on his Coronation day I shall mention later on. I must also tell how they celebrated the occasion in a whole week of carnival that made the Midway at the Toronto Exhibition look like a quiet residential avenue compared with Piccadilly Circus any night that week.

But first, I should like to speak of the Coronation itself. They have been having Coronations in Westminster Abbey for about 800 years but this, surely, the most stupendous of all. Especially for us Canadians it was a very notable occasion.

General Smuts is the man who hit on the happy phrase that describes the special significance of the crowning of King George VI: "He is the first king of kingdoms." Although there was only one ceremony and one oath, the ancient forms by which his predecessors were consecrated were changed just enough to include Canada and Australia and South Africa and New Zealand and the other self-governing nations of the British Commonwealth.

The kernel of that solemn oath taken by the King was that he would endeavour to govern his peoples in the United Kingdom, in Canada, in Australia, in New Zealand, in India and in the various other parts of his domains "according to their respective laws and customs."

There were 8,000 people in Westminster Abbey, of whom a substantial number actually saw the service and heard the careful, deliberate tones in which His Majesty repeated the words of the oath.

We Canadians in Canada House heard them too. Hon. Vincent Massey, the High Commissioner, had directed that radio receiving sets be installed throughout the building. I sat on the floor in the comparative seclusion of the filing room, where not many happened to gather.

There are two Orbs, one for the King and the other for the Queen. The Queen's Orb owes its origin to Mary, wife of William of Orange, who insisted on a joint occupation of the Throne. The King's Orb is the larger, and is of polished gold studded with large pearls, rubies, sapphires and emeralds. It is placed in the King's right hand immediately after the King has put on the Royal Robe.

THE CORONATION

Every word was as clear and resonant as if I were in the Abbey.

Outside on the streets the millions who had come together for the great occasion heard the service repeated from loud-speakers spaced about two hundred feet apart all along the route of the procession.

But even those who could not come to London and people in far off parts of the Empire were able to hear every word that was uttered in this memorable service exactly as it fell from the lips of the King and the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Those two circumstances seemed to make this Coronation something entirely different from anything of the sort that had ever happened before. Numerous other kings and queens have been crowned in Westminster Abbey. It was the same service for George VI, the same music, the same prayers, the same ritual of anointing and crowning. There were the same dukes and earls and peeresses with the same coronets and tiaras, and the same robes.

It was all just the same except for two little details.

George VI was crowned a king of many kingdoms. And his subjects in all of those kingdoms were by the magic of radio able to listen to the proceedings.

One of the Canadian official party heard the service in the Abbey. His wife heard it with us at Canada House half-a-mile away. His children heard it in Ottawa—all at the same time.

Sitting on the floor of the filing room in the centre of all those millions of Londoners and their kinsfolk from the five continents, I thought of members of my family, of my companions and friends, rising early in Ottawa and Toronto and Vancouver to listen to the same historic ceremonial. It did slow you up for a minute, even amid all the excitement, to think of those things.

The mood of solemnity was aided by the music from the great Abbey organ and the ineffably beautiful tones of the Coronation choir. Even the choir was assembled from all parts of the Empire. There were 20 singers from Canada in it. The majesty of the regal flourishes in which the organ was supported by trumpets at certain stages of the ceremony was stirring beyond description. But then you heard it yourselves.

Everybody saw something different in the ceremony. The Prime Minister and

the other official members of the Canadian Government were about the only Canadians who actually saw the whole service from start to finish. Our Prime Minister had just as highly honoured a place in the Abbey as the Prime Minister of the United Kingdom. That in itself was something new.

The other Canadians in the Abbey, members of parliament and high officials in the public service, could not see the altar, where the Coronation took place, but they had a wonderful view of the various processions up the aisle. They saw the King's procession and the Queen's procession and the procession for the Queen Mother and the little Princesses. They saw the great nobles and ladies attended by their pages enter and leave the Abbey in their sweeping robes of red and purple.

The interior of the Abbey was a colourful sight, for practically everybody had to wear a bright uniform of some sort. Some men wore the court dress of white satin and gold braid, others the levee dress of black or blue with red braid, gold lace and knee breeches. Military and naval officers were resplendent in scarlet and gold. The peeresses and great ladies wore their tiaras and jewels. All the men wore their medals and decorations.

Even the ordinary members of parliament and plain everyday people who do not possess these beautiful costumes had to wear full evening dress. It was quite amusing to see 30 or 40 ladies and gentlemen, in full evening or court dress, tucking into their ham and eggs at 6 o'clock in the morning in the fashionable West End restaurants. This was necessary because all but those with actual parts in the service had to be in their 18 inches of Abbey space prior to 7 o'clock.

The sight of the King and Queen proceeding slowly up the aisle with their red and ermine cloaks carried by eight train-bearers was a noble spectacle for those who had seats in the Abbey.

We ordinary mortals did not see any of that. But we had our compensations. We did not have to sit in one narrow seat from half past six in the morning until three in the afternoon. We did not have to pack sandwich luncheons with us, as many of the great ladies and gentlemen did quite openly, for probably the first time in their lives. Some managed to conceal the little brown paper parcels

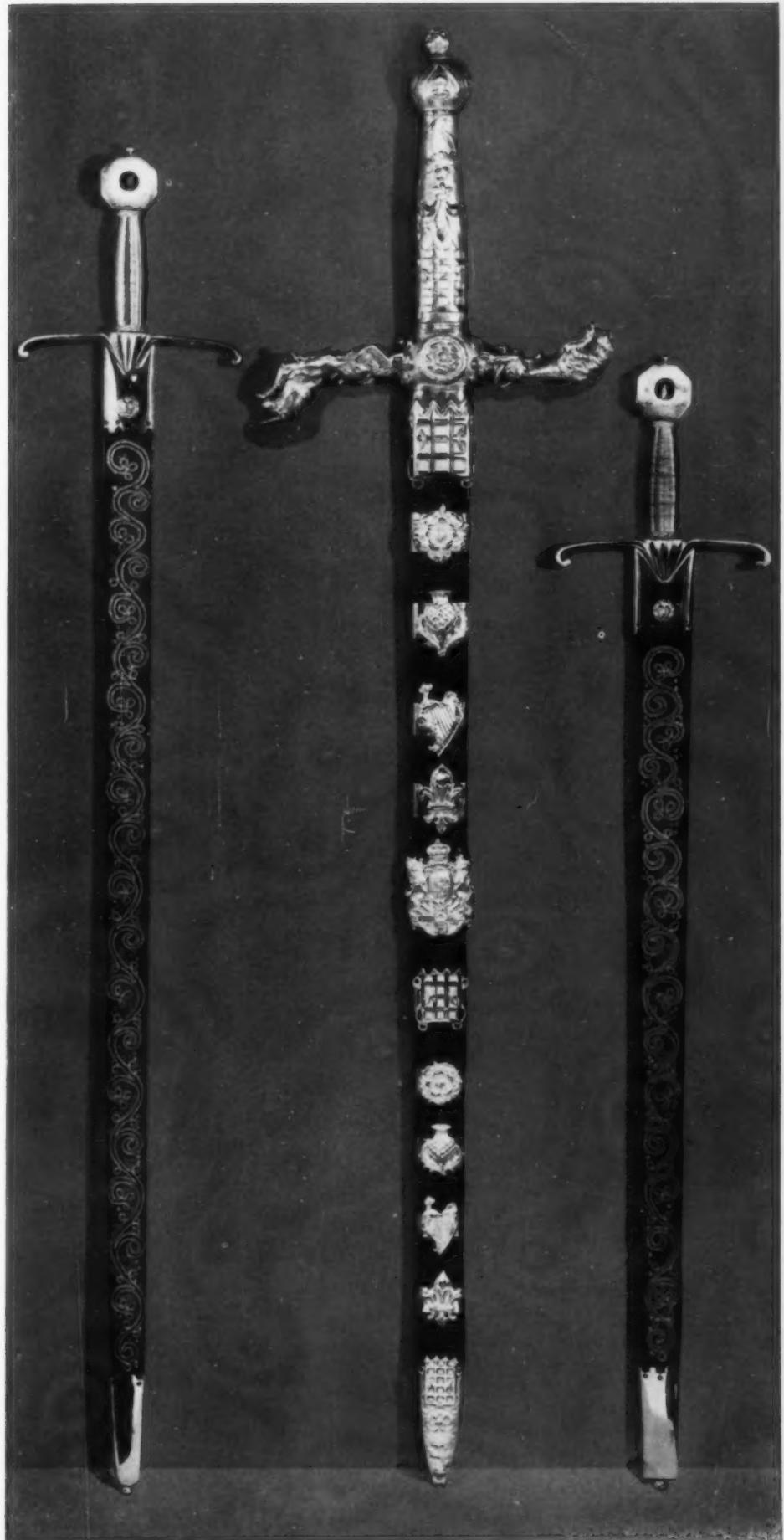


The Royal Sceptre is placed in the right hand of the Sovereign at the Coronation, the Archbishop saying: "Receive the Royal Sceptre, the Ensign of the Kingly Power and Justice," and pronounces his blessing. The Sceptre contains, amongst other jewels, the Great Star of Africa, cut from the Cullinan Diamond and weighing 516½ carats, which was presented to King Edward VII and, at his suggestion, embodied in the Royal Sceptre.

The Jewelled Sword is the most beautiful and valuable sword in the world, made of Damascus steel, its scabbard studded with sapphires, rubies, diamonds and other precious stones. It was made for the Coronation of George IV and is the Sword which the King, at his Coronation hands to The Archbishop of Canterbury as symbolising that he places his Sword at the service of the Church. It is carried in procession at the Coronation when it replaces the Sword of State.

The Sword of State (in the centre) is a two-handed sword, the length of blade being 32 inches. The handle is of gilt metal, the cross-pieces representing the lion and the unicorn. The scabbard is decorated with diamonds, rubies and emeralds in designs of the Rose, the Thistle and the Shamrock. At the Coronation the Peer who carries the Sword of State delivers it up to the Lord Chamberlain who, in exchange, gives him the Jewelled Sword. The second sword is known as the Sword of Justice to the Spirituality, and the third sword as the Sword of Justice to the Temporality.

London News—Crown
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After the Coronation Ceremony the Imperial State Crown is worn by the Reigning Monarch on all State occasions such as the Opening of Parliament. The existing Crown was made for Queen Victoria in 1838 and embodies many historical gems, the Black Prince's ruby, sapphire from the ring of Edward the Confessor, Queen Elizabeth's earrings and many other ancient gems. In front is the Second Star of Africa, weighing 309½ carats, cut from the great Cullinan Diamond. In all the Crown contains 2,783 diamonds, 277 pearls, 17 sapphires, 11 emeralds and five rubies.

London
News

under their silk and satin cloaks, but not always successfully. Others tucked them into their coronets. Furthermore, we outsiders saw the King and Queen ride past in their great golden coach and we saw the soldiers. The great ones in the Abbey were debarred by their greater privileges from that enjoyment.

Canada House was a grand place to be. They built three little balconies around it, fronting on Trafalgar Square, and the procession passed right below us. The High Commissioner and his staff generously threw open all their offices as cloak rooms, tea rooms, and rest rooms. One was even a first aid ward, complete with nurses, bandages and smelling salts. Coffee was provided when we arrived about half past six in the morning, and there was a quite satisfactory buffet luncheon about noon. We were able to get up and walk around, which those in the Abbey could not do.

Of course, you must not imagine that all this came out of the taxpayers pockets. Seats were three guineas apiece. And that was cheap. Across the road, a famous Canadian corporation asked 17 pounds for a window, a mere matter of \$85. The windows seemed to be well filled.

Parliament Square, the great open space at the end of Whitehall flanked by the House of Parliament and the Abbey, was filled in with stands which must have accommodated 100,000 people or more. One of these commanding an excellent view of the entrance to the Abbey became known as the Canadian stand, because its space was at the disposal of Canada House and was filled chiefly by Canadians.

Both Canada House and the Canadian stand were choice places. At Parliament Square people saw the procession from the Palace arrive, they saw all the great personages leave their carriages and enter the Abbey. Later they saw them emerge and form the new and longer procession which conveyed the newly crowned monarch through five miles of London streets, to be acclaimed by millions of his cheering subjects.

At Canada House we had greater personal comfort, but our view of the morning procession from Palace to Abbey was not very good. The procession came down the Mall through Admiralty Arch and around a corner of Trafalgar Square within our angle of vision into Whitehall. We could see the tops of the carriages, the heads and shoulders of the lancers with

their steel helmets glistening, and we could occasionally catch a glimpse of the people on foot. We knew from our timetable whose procession was passing at any given moment, but we really did not see very much of this show. The pedestrian crowd in the Square and the lines of soldiers cut off our view of a procession which, after all, was several hundred yards away.

The procession to the Abbey was not all in one. The Prime Ministers had a procession of their own, with their own special guards of honour. Right Hon. Mackenzie King's coach was flanked by scarlet coated members of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. The royal guests from other countries had their little processions with special guards of honour. There were separate processions for the various members of the Royal family, for the Queen Mother, for the Duchesses of Gloucester and Kent, for the little Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret, and finally for the King and Queen. These processions were about 20 to 25 minutes apart, so that each party should have an opportunity to enter the Abbey and be seated in state.

The spreading of these activities over a couple of hours was fine for the crowds. It kept something of interest before our attention all the time we were waiting for the great event of the day.

That, of course, was the ride home by the newly crowned King and Queen.

The service in the Abbey took about two hours and the procession back to Buckingham Palace began at half past one.

From Canada House we could see right down Northumberland Avenue to the Embankment, so we saw the procession approaching us for probably half-a-mile, and a noble sight it was. The troops were hand-picked men from every part of the Empire. Our Canadian boys were selected for their records of service. There was a representative from almost every unit in the Dominion. Their uniforms were, under the circumstances, conspicuous for their lack of uniformity, although all the army men were clad in khaki. The Mounted Police wore scarlet tunics, the Air Force and the Navy their light and dark blues respectively.

But we Canadians in the stands were thrilled beyond measure to note that our men marched infinitely better than the British territorials, quite as well as the regular British regiments of the line, and we were willing to yield the palm of

The Bank of England.



excellence only to the Guards. And for precision and smartness the two or three files from the Royal Canadian Navy were as true and steady even as the Guards. But after all, they are professionals too. Our soldiers were garage mechanics, book-keepers, policemen, firemen—everything but professional soldiers. It was a delight, however, to see how well they carried themselves.

Incidentally, it might be mentioned here that at the personal request of the King the troops from the Dominions did guard duty at Buckingham and St. James' Palace for four or five successive days. Everybody who visits London goes to see the changing of the guard. Those stalwart six-foot guardsmen in their great busbies are a marvellous sight. The discipline they go through to attain their precision of movement is stern beyond belief. For a number of plain ordinary Canadian civilian soldiers to take on those duties under the gaze of thousands of curious eyes was a sore trial. But they did it and they did it supremely well. They had less than 48 hours warning and they drilled like mad during those two days to master all the tricks of the trade.

Their day was Sunday, always the biggest day for crowds. Some of us went down to see them march in. They were as true and straight as guardsmen. They never looked to right or left and you could have laid a straight edge down the points of their bayonets.

When they took on the sentry beats, they counted their steps like experts, so that they met at exactly the same instant every time, and they synchronised the about-turns at the far ends of their beats as if a sergeant-major were calling the time. Little boys gaped and pretty girls smiled at them, but they stared stonily in front in true guardsman style. Every Canadian in London was proud of them.

But to return to the Coronation procession—we Canadians had another thrill at Canada House when the coach containing our own Prime Minister went by. Among all those great dignitaries of state he looked his part as regally and graciously as the best of them. And at Canada House he leaned out of the window and smiled at his countrymen so that we all cheered our heads off.

There were many interesting features of the parade. The Indian nabobs in their brilliantly coloured silken garb, resplend-

ent with jewels, were a picturesque sight not likely to be witnessed in the northern hemisphere very often. And the grizzled Africanchiefs, gorgeously arrayed according to the traditions of their land, were equally amazing.

The two pretty Duchesses of Gloucester and Kent rode in a coach together, smiling graciously one on either side. The Duchess of Gloucester was on the right, so we could not see her charming sister-in-law very well, but you can't have everything.

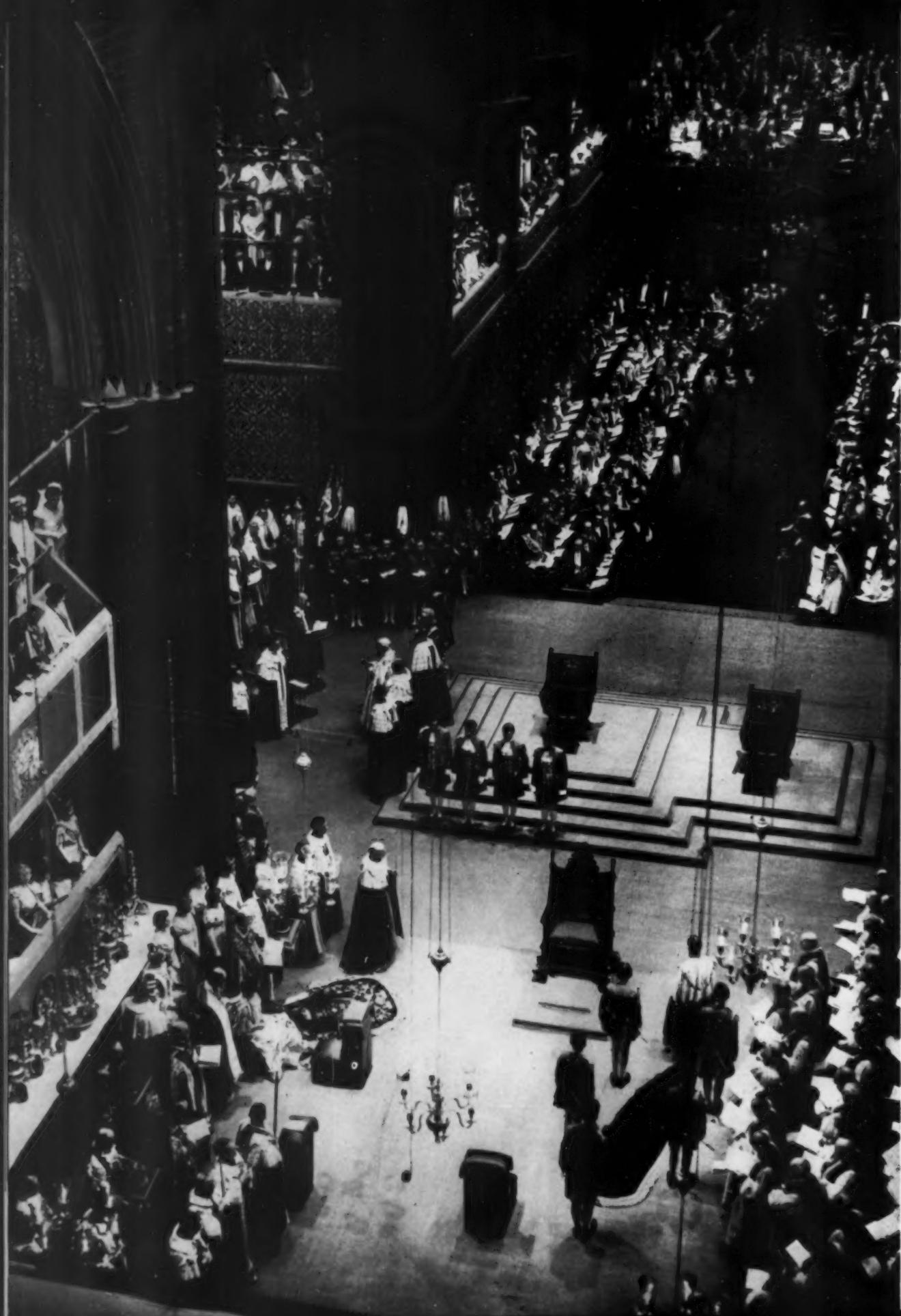
Then there was the Queen Mother, with the two little princesses sitting opposite her. Queen Mary waved at us, but she did not smile. Princess Elizabeth, who is old enough to understand what it is all about, smiled charmingly to right and left, but the little Princess Margaret Rose was so astonished at the tremendous size of the crowds that she just looked and wondered with big eyes. How the crowd did cheer these popular little girls!

And that reminds me that one of the Canadian ministers who had luncheon with their Majesties was telling me about how in the middle of the luncheon the two children came romping in to say hello to their daddy. After greeting him affectionately they went around the table with charming, childish grace and shook hands with each of the dominion ministers. That was a high-light of the whole occasion for those who witnessed it.

Finally, in their great golden coach, a structure of unbelievable magnificence, with cherubs and angels and Neptunes and garlands embossed all over it, came Their Majesties, the King and Queen.

It took them almost three hours to traverse the five miles of the procession route. Along the entire route the first appearance of the golden coach with its colourful outriders and footmen was the signal for a deafening roar of cheering. To ride for three hours through such a salvo must have been almost a terrifying experience.

The King and Queen sat bolt upright, the one looking out to the right, the other to the left. In their hands they held their sceptres, their arms outstretched as the sceptres rested on the seats beside them. Looking very solemn and impressed by the sacred ritual through which they had been consecrated to their great task, they smiled little as they bowed soberly and graciously in response to the homage of their millions of devoted subjects.



Riding behind the golden coach were the Duke of Gloucester in a scarlet army uniform and the Duke of Kent in the blue and gold of a naval officer. They, along with certain Indian princes, the Field Marshals and the high ranking officers of the Navy and Air Force, were honorary aides-de-camp for the day.

For the royal dukes and for the aged field marshals the ride back to the Palace was a trying ordeal, for just as they reached Trafalgar Square it began to drizzle. The drizzle intensified into a downpour and for about two hours they had to sit erect and look their royal best while their fine uniforms with all the braid and trappings of high ranks were being soaked with rain. The soldiers who underwent the same experience and who had no change of clothes available in their temporary quarters were not dry 48 hours later.

Still, the weather was kind. Coronation Day came in the midst of a heavily overcast and rainy period. Yet all the preceding day, all the long night during which hundreds of thousands of people sat and lay and slept on the pavements it was dry. The rain did not begin until the procession was actually under way.

It is interesting to speculate on what those crowds would have done if it had rained during the night.

They had a hard time as it was.

The town began to go mad about dinner time on May 11. Taxis and motor cars had their tops down, people stood on the seats and sat on the roofs, waving flags and blowing tin horns. The pubs were so busy that people passed in their money and the people inside passed out the drinks over the heads of the crowd. Inside everybody was singing and shouting. At the big squares—Piccadilly Circus, Hyde Park Corner, Leicester Square and Oxford Circus—pedestrians took command and the police finally cleared the vehicles off. Groups of young people spontaneously broke into old-fashioned square dances in the middle of the road.

All this time the early arrivals were holding tightly to the places on the kerb which they began appropriating as early as mid-afternoon. They came with camp stools, blankets, macintoshes, thermos bottles, periscopes and lunch baskets. It was almost impossible to step from the road to the sidewalk anywhere along the five-mile route by late evening. Profess-

ional entertainers with accordions, fiddles and all manner of amusing antics provided concerts along the way and passed the hat.

By midnight the pavement sitters began to settle down. They slept in every conceivable position. Some rested their heads on their knees. Others leaned against each other. Women slept in their husbands' laps, children in their mothers' arms. Sometimes two or three people shared space and stretched out horizontal beside each other they slept on the pavement, literally in the gutter, while thousands of happy young people made whoopee all around them.

Wednesday morning, when we reached Canada House, two little boys, wrapped in blankets and ground-sheets, slept peacefully on until about 8 o'clock, when they awakened from habit.

It was then 6.30 a.m. and the whole of Trafalgar Square was packed with a solid mass of humanity, which narrowed down to the point of a triangle in front of the government building. There was a tendency to jam into this triangle and special police were detailed to check a dangerous situation. The single row of constables was doubled, yet even these were helpless at times. Every little movement within the heart of the crowd would begin a surge that pressed outward with irresistible force. Despite the efforts of the police, the crowd would belly out into the middle of the road. Women were carried completely off their feet. Then the police would put their shoulders down and press the mob back into place. The agony those people suffered was beyond description. This went on for hour after hour until senior inspectors came and directed a systematic repacking of the people. First they would clear a hole at the back. Then they would lift up men and women bodily and move them into it until the pressure was less severe. It took about two hours of this sort of work, during which mounted officers forced themselves into the thick of the crowd to hold a position once gained. By noon the job was completed. People were able to lift their hands to their faces without upsetting their neighbours.

Throughout all the day people kept collapsing. We counted for a while and the average rate within our range of vision was a casualty a minute. St. John's Ambulance Corps men with stretchers and first aid kits were carrying them

LEFT:—The recognition—the King being presented to his subjects by the Archbishop of Canterbury prior to the administration of the oath.
Daily Mail.



away in an endless procession to improvised hospitals. It was sad to see people succumb just five minutes before the arrival of the royal coach. Newspapers say the hospitals handled 7800 casualties. About 50 babies were born on the streets or in the emergency wards during the day.

The good temper of the crowds through all this ordeal, and the kindness of the police doing their difficult duty was beyond belief. Right below me a little blonde girl began to wilt about one o'clock. People pressed back to let her sit down. Then somebody miraculously produced a glass of water. She just sipped it and passed it to her boy friend. He sipped it and passed it on. Probably eight or ten people wet their lips with that single little glass.

Ordinarily in a great crowd only the people in the front row can see. People 50 rows from the front in the Coronation crowd could see. Hundreds of thousands of periscopes of all manner of shapes and descriptions were improvised for the occasion. Trafalgar Square when anything interesting seemed to be happening was a forest of periscopes. Many women brought their handmirrors and viewed the processions with their backs to the street.

After the procession was over the wet streets resembled those of a Canadian city after a spring snow fall. Hundreds of thousands of newspapers were abandoned by the scurrying crowds. They were trampled into the pavement, crumpled up in the wet and created a pulpy slush two inches deep in places.

Despite the rain several hundred thousand people remained around the Victoria Memorial outside Buckingham Palace all evening waiting for the King and Queen to come to the balcony. They sang the National Anthem about every ten minutes and shouted rhythmically over and over again: "We want the King, we want the King." He came out four times and waved.

Along the main stem—Piccadilly, Regent Street, and the Strand—carnival reigned all

night as it had the night before. All vehicular traffic was turned away from the theatre and restaurant district. Ladies and gentlemen in evening dress had to walk for blocks through the rain and slush and the milling crowds to their destinations. When they wanted to go home, taxicabs were at a premium. One driver, already with a load, and fully conscious of his value, shouted to a party who tried to stop him: "See you next Coronation."

The fun and frolic kept up all week. Wherever a member of the Royal Family moved he was surrounded by hundreds of thousands. The King and Queen drove through North London the day after the coronation to be seen by their people in the suburbs. When they drove to the City a week later for the Guildhall luncheon the crowds along the route were almost as great as on Coronation Day.

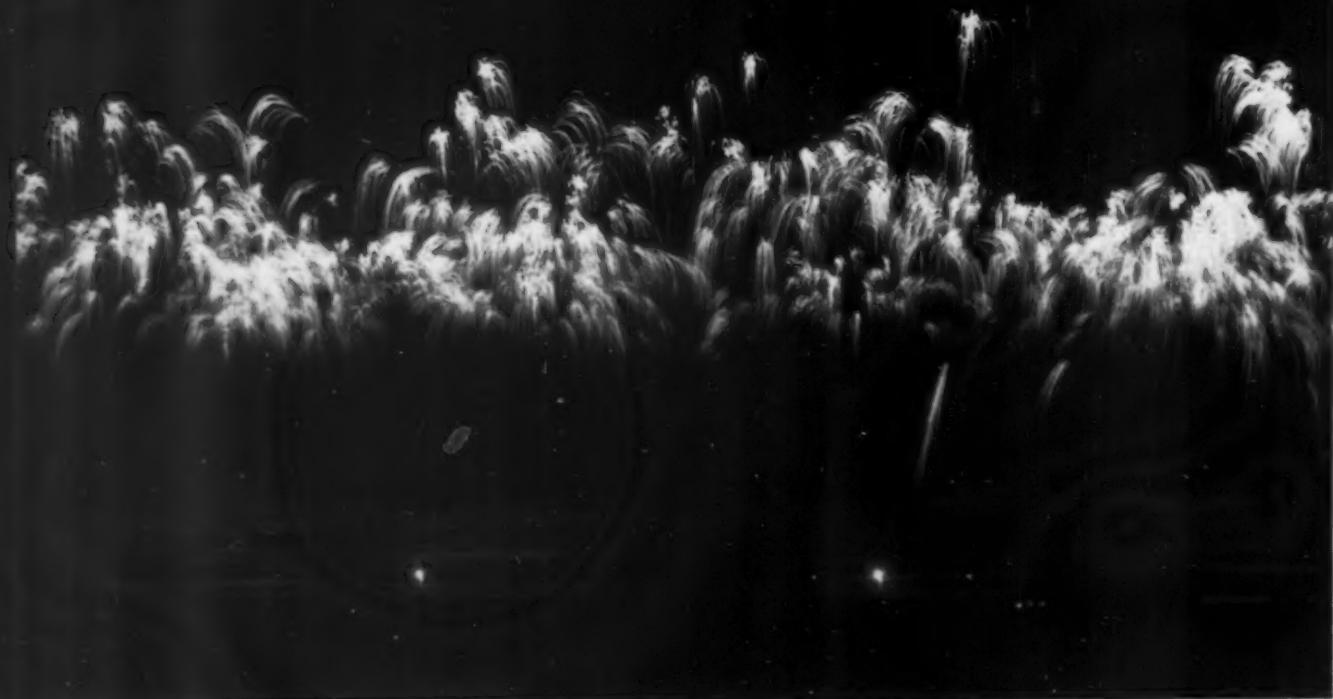
The series of magnificent banquets, receptions and balls which featured the occasion attracted tremendous crowds, and the police had to provide special traffic control for every great gathering.

The week-end following the Coronation was Bank Holiday. Railway officials say the greatest crowds ever to visit London poured in on Saturday and Sunday to see the decorations. Some of these were quite remarkable, especially the floodlighting of the historic palaces and the trees and shrubs in the parks. The country people who could not come to the Coronation made up for it by coming at the week-end. They took complete possession of the streets on Saturday and Sunday, walking slowly along—admiring.

Now that it is all over the things that one remembers are the extraordinary contrasts—the regal grandeur of the great nobles in their satins and jewels, the patient devotion of the humble crowds along the way, the majestic solemnity of the religious service in the Abbey, the carnival gaiety of the merry-makers in Piccadilly Circus.

LEFT:—The Queen's procession leaving the Abbey, Queen Elizabeth crowned and carrying her sceptre; a study of the spectators will result in identification of several Canadians.

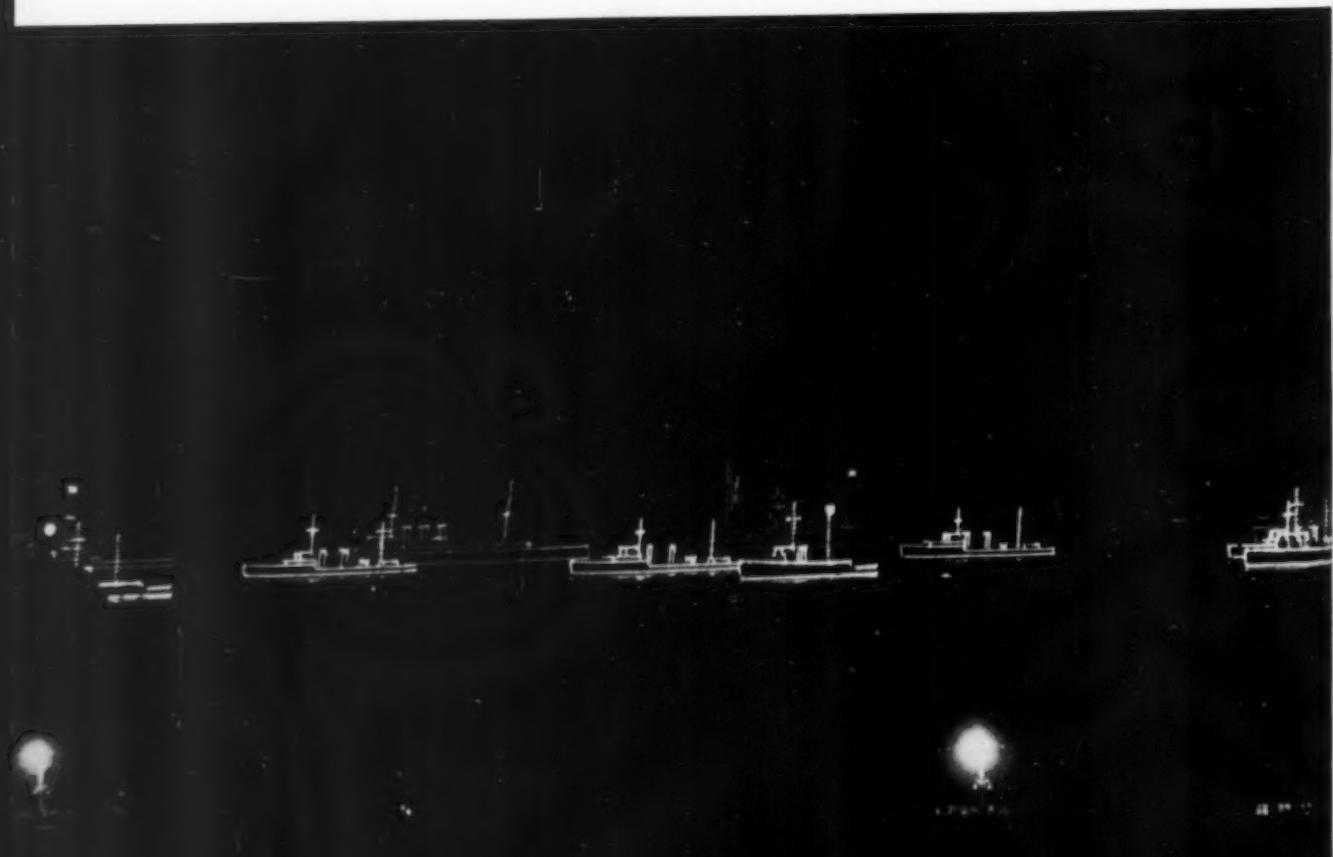
Daily Mail



A rocket display during the illuminations at the fleet review.

Ships of the fleet outlined in electric lights during the illuminations after the review.

London News.





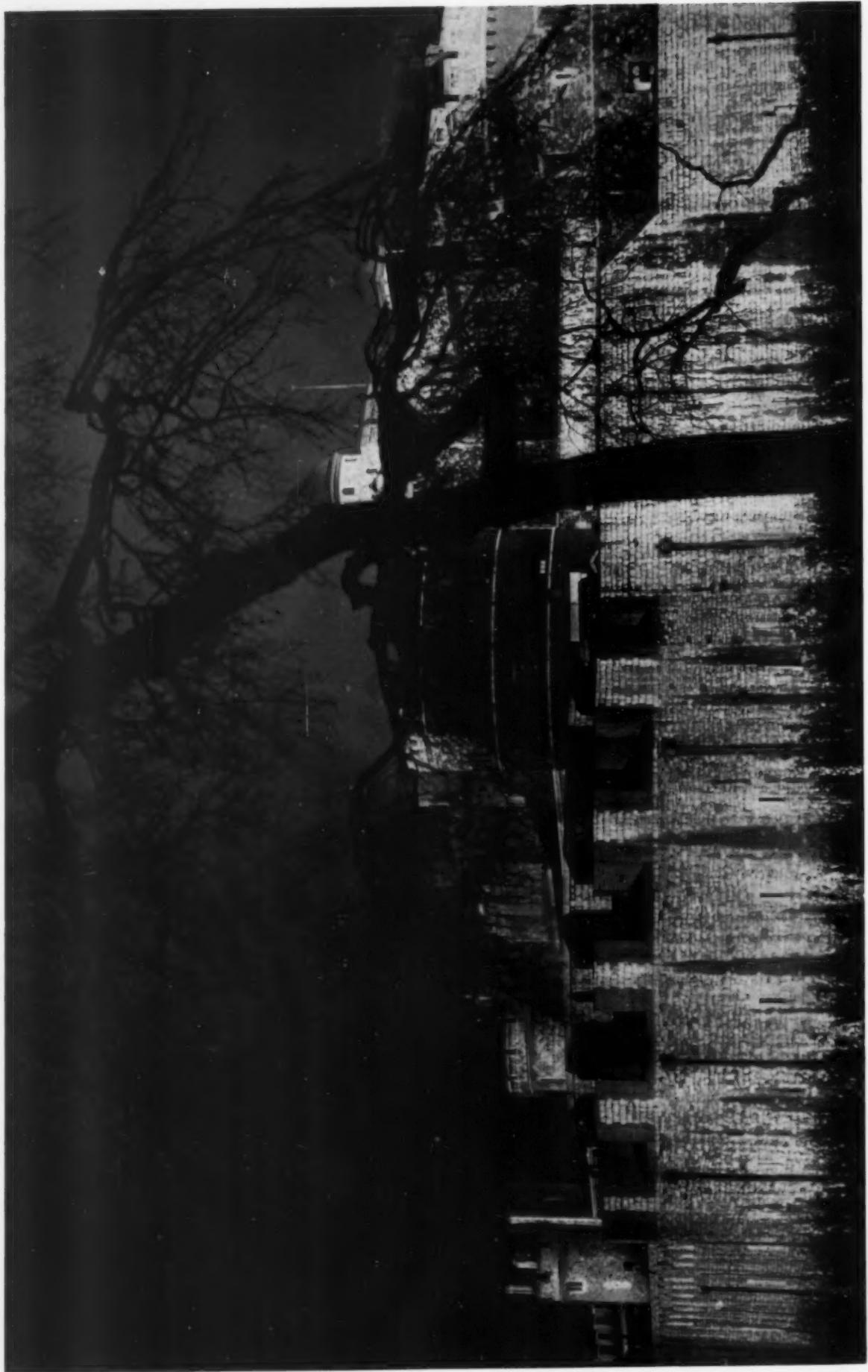
Buckingham Palace across the lake in St. James' Park.

Trees and shrubs in St. James' Park

London News.



Tower of London, floodlit for the Coronation.





Government buildings on Whitehall, floodlit for the Coronation, view from across the lake in St. James' Park.

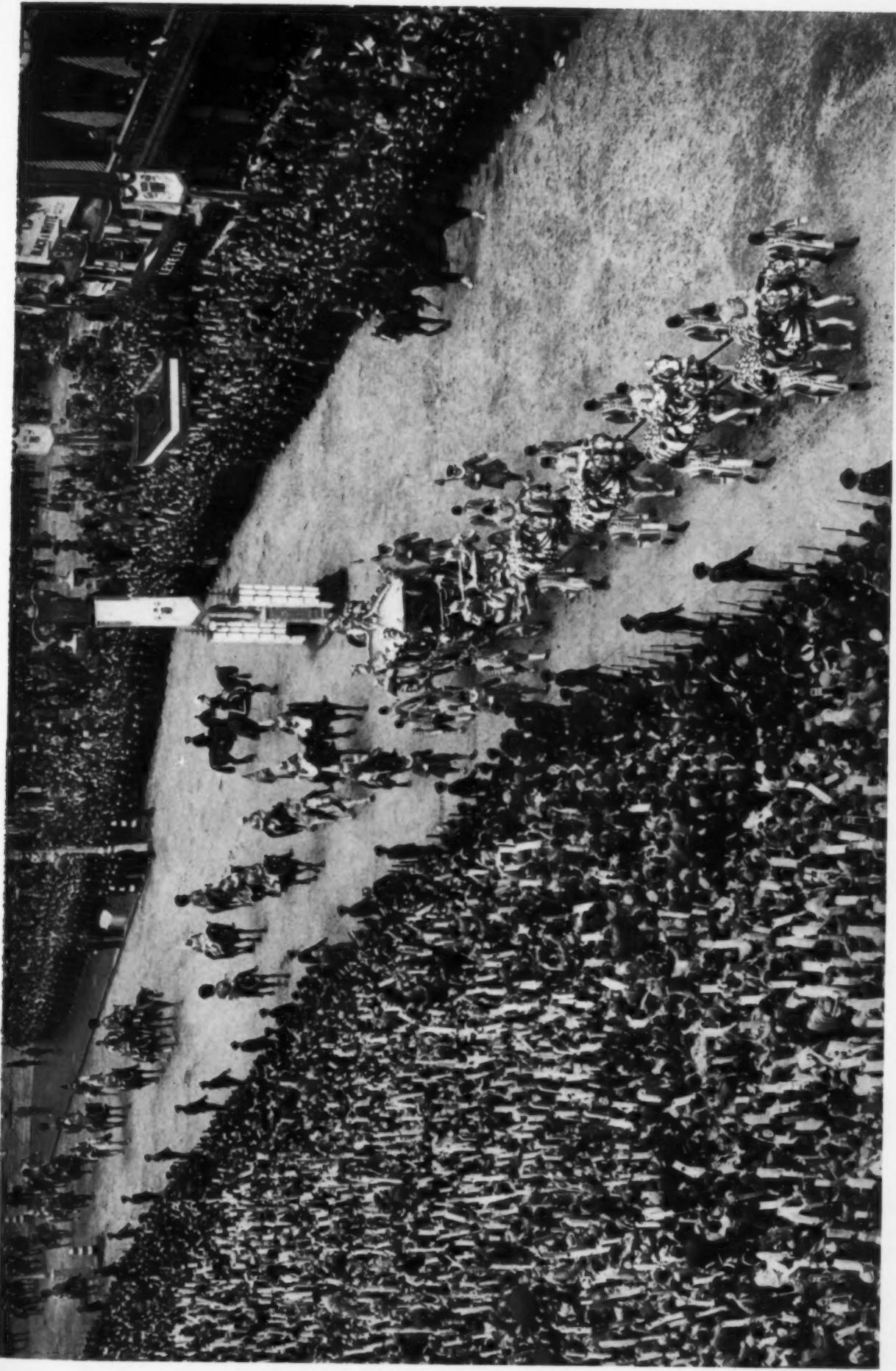




Troops in royal procession leaving Buckingham Palace and marching down the Mall.



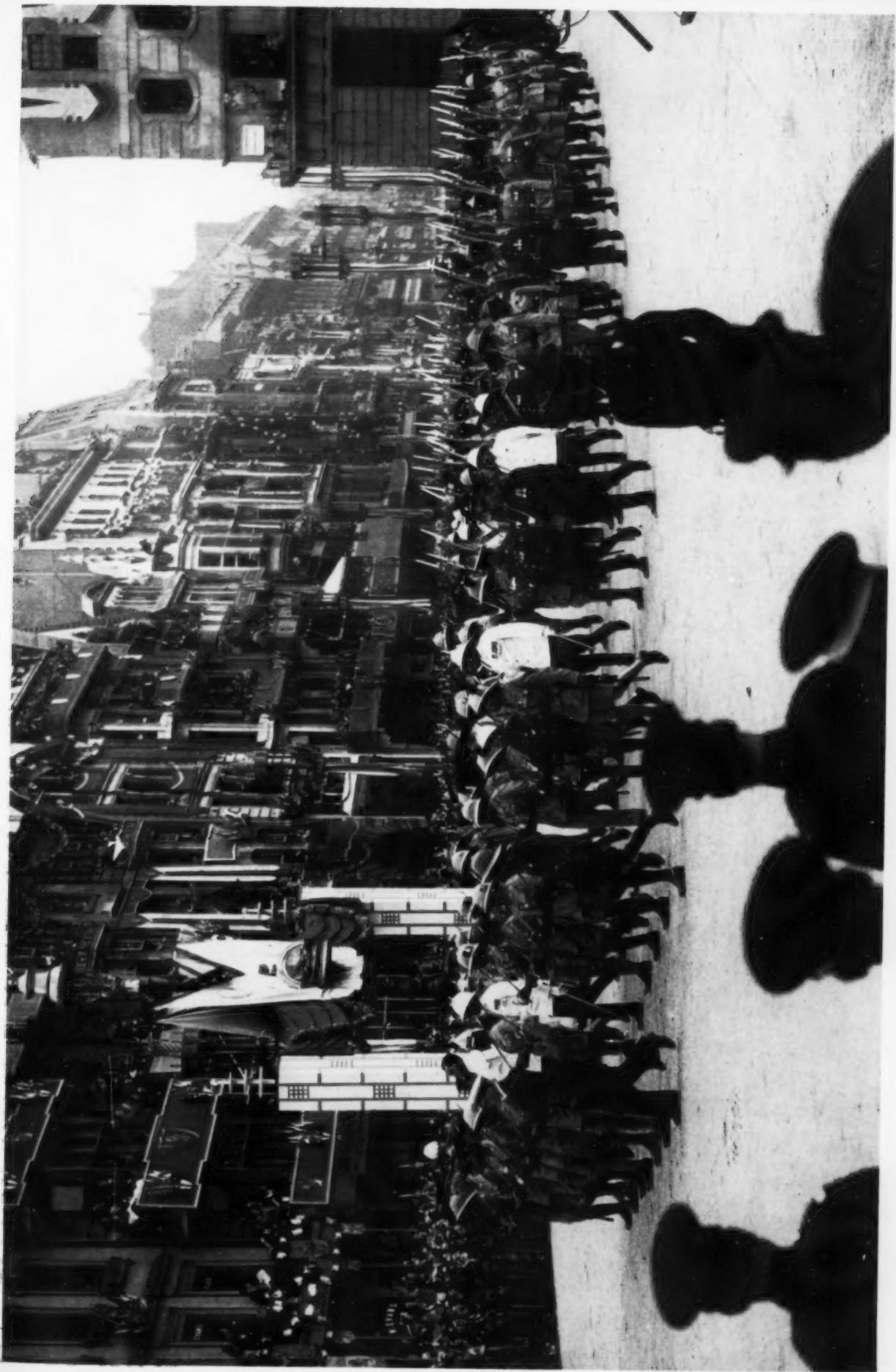
The Procession in Trafalgar Square—note the forest of periscopes.



The procession in The Mall—Indian troops in the foreground.



The Rhodesian contingent in Pall Mall nearing St. James' Street.





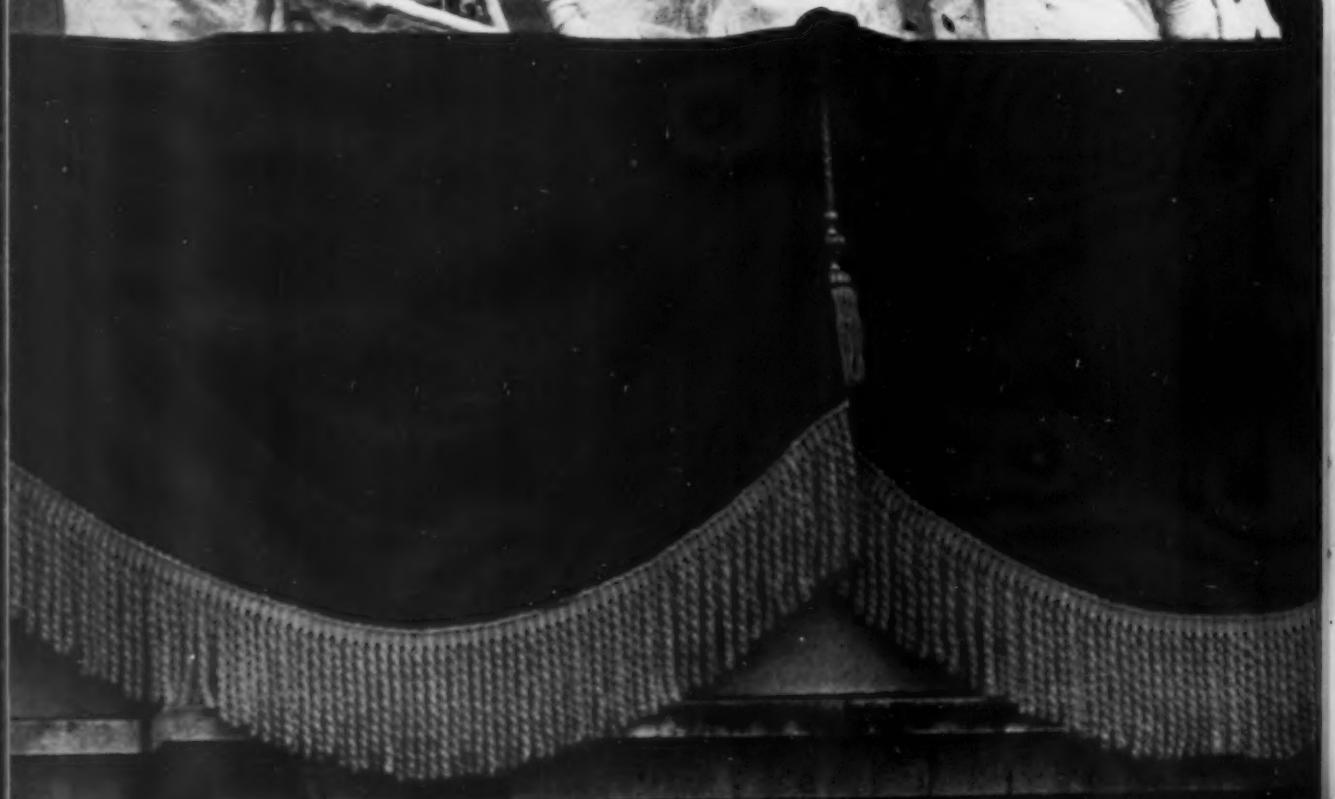
Royal Canadian Mounted Police passing Canada House.

Sport & General.

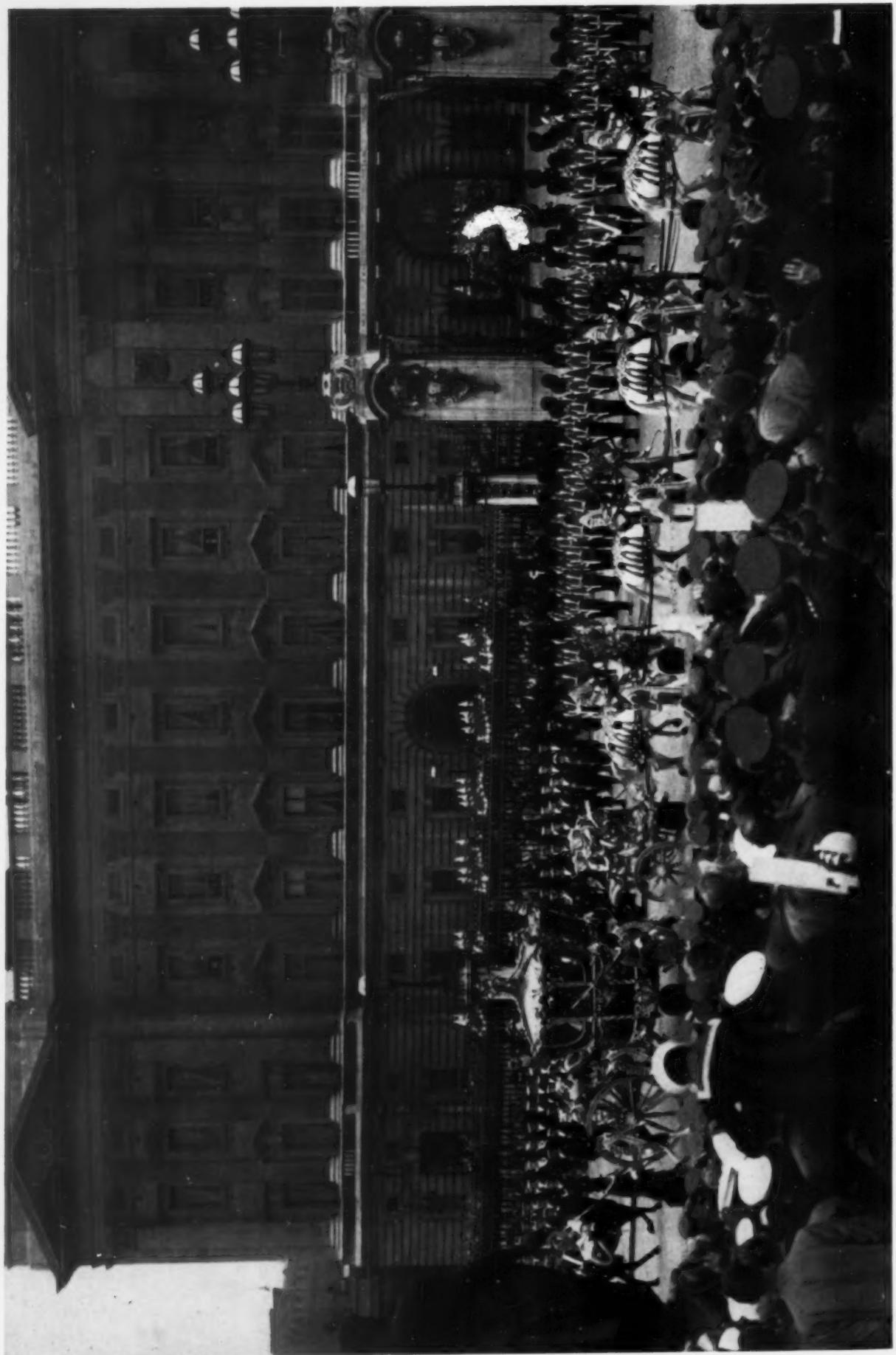


The King and Queen emerging from Admiralty Arch on their way to the Abbey.

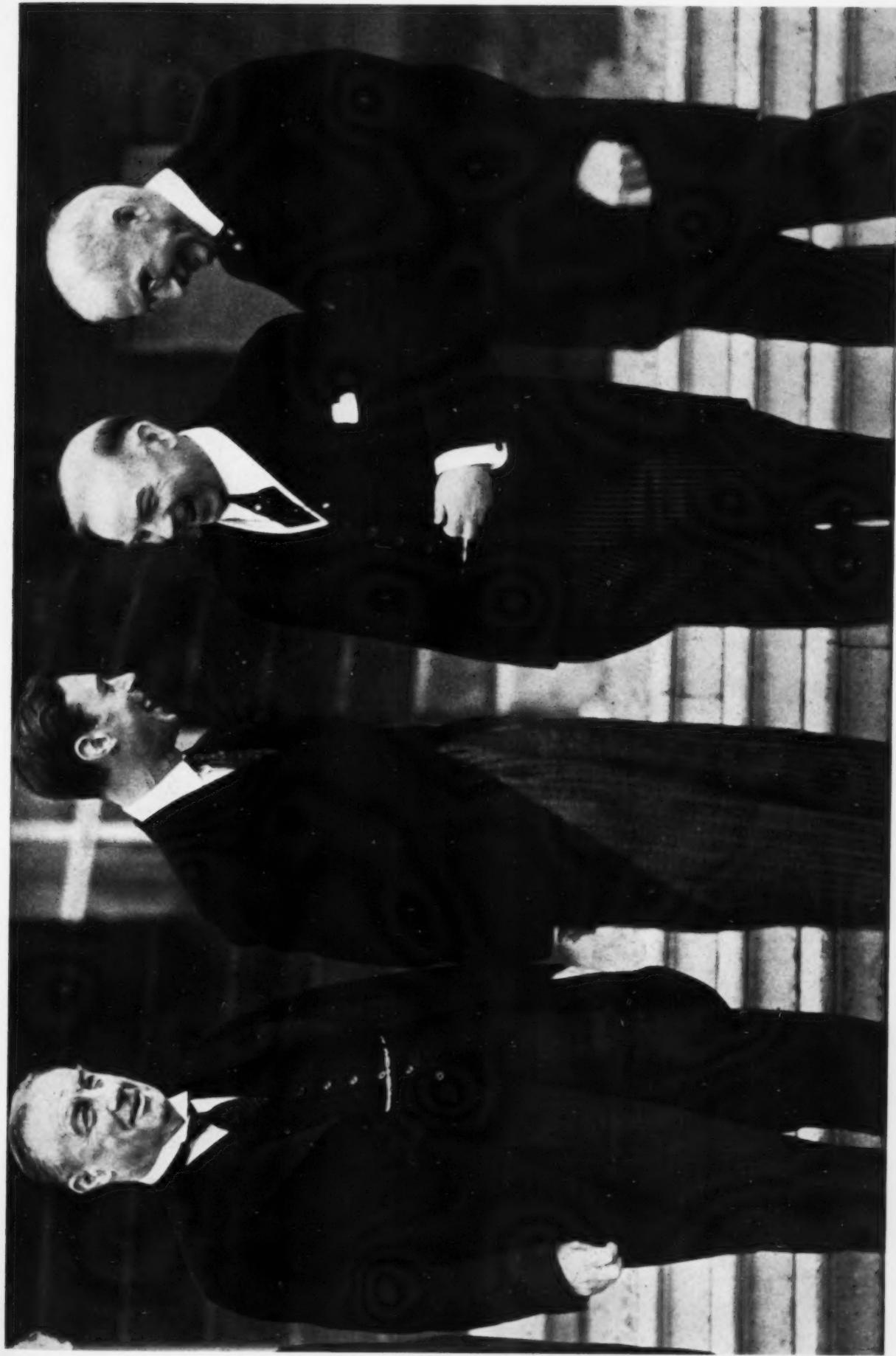
Daily Sketch





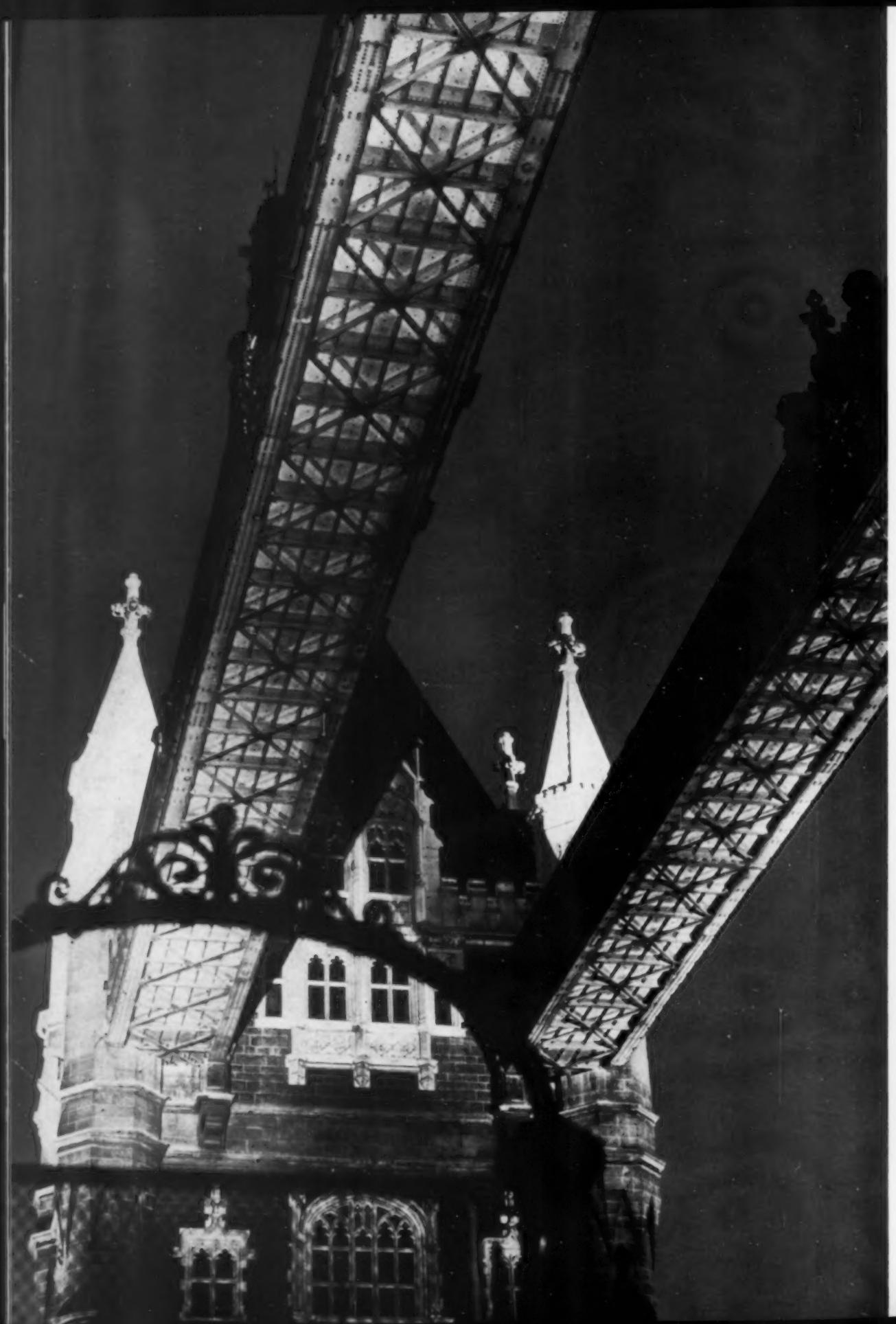


The Royal Coach leaving Buckingham Palace.



We are amused. The Right Hon. Stanley Baldwin, His Majesty The King, The Right Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, General, The Right Hon. J. B. M. Hertzog.

Bippa.





"We will, God helping us, faithfully discharge our trust." The newly crowned King speaking to his subjects in every land on Coronation Day.

British Broadcasting Corporation.

LEFT:—Tower Bridge London News



ALGONQUIN CALLING!

by LLOYD ROBERTS

AS the bud of Spring blossoms into Summer and begins to spill its multicolored petals over this spacious world of ours, the siren songs of the wilderness steal into our ears with growing persistence. The warmer the sun over the city, the cooler and sweeter comes the sound of flashing waters, hushed breathing from the matted pines and the hemlocks, plaintive questioning of pewees and whitethroats, tatting of woodpeckers from old rampikes, mad laughter of loons from still forest-clouded lakes. Those of us who were suckled on the breast of Nature and afterward taught by her to wear moccasins and walk like an Indian on silent toed-in feet, do not long resist her call. How empty seem the streets and squares, how garish the city lights, how imprisoning the office and the home bed, yes and how improvident the mere making of dollars and cents! Of course we will go; when "the Red Gods call us out" we always go — it matters not where.

But "where" to Ontario's dwellers only "out on probation" may readily be Algonquin — the park that is park in name only, combining about every virtue the northern wilderness can flaunt, excepting mountains and wide open spaces. One day we are clinging to car straps or clutching at car wheels and the next our fingers are closing lovingly about the slim, smooth shaft of a hardwood paddle.

Strange, isn't it, how quickly we revert to the primitive! For all the thousands of years of so-called civilization behind and about us we strip them off with our spats and high heels, our white collars and flimsy frocks, and stand as naked and unashamed as our First Parents before the eviction. Shelter, food, water (and the simplest of each) now prove the only necessities and luxuries required for peace of mind and body. The dazzling inventions of science, art and industry sink to a little measure in our social economy. We discover all over again that man's happiness does not consist so much in the things he has as in the things he has not.

LEFT:—Portage-Island Lake, Northern Ontario.

Clothes, except as required by the individual's standard of decency, are superfluous in the Algonquin from the middle of July on. Mosquitoes and black flies are conspicuous by their absence. A blanket for warmth at night, a tiny fire for boiling the kettle and frying the fish, a roll of birch bark or canvas to transport you along the waterways, a little flour and baking powder, tea, salt and sugar, maybe some desiccated vegetables and fruit. What more can a woodsman want? Rising with the dawn and bedding with the dusk, artificial light is unnecessary. Why bother with a tent when the canoe turned bottom-up provides an effective shelter? Why carry an axe when an inexhaustible supply of brushwood and driftwood clutters the forest floor and beaches.

No, stripped thus for action does not imply "roughing it." Only a tenderfoot roughs it; glories in discomfort and hardship. "Going light" means going smooth, quiet and comfortable, with the minimum of effort and the maximum of pleasure. That is how four of us went from Joe lake to Cedar, crossing the Algonquin from south to north and finding the crossing every whit good. And it was a very mixed foursome at that, comprised of one woman, one girl-child, one lusciously green greenhorn and one only veteran. It travelled of course in only one canoe, an 18-foot canvas; and it had only one object, pleasure. Irrespective of shade or sex each had his or her special responsibilities and burdens to carry, on portage trail, in camp, enroute. The greenhorn carried a man's load of canoe and duffle, the child and woman packs in proportion to their strength. We took no chances and portaged around every trouble. Even at that we had rare adventures, plenty of comedy, and one touch of melodrama when the veteran mistook the Englishman for a bear in the dead of night and came within an ace of butting him over a cliff into the lake. There was peril in the hooking of a ten-pound catfish from the middle of Catfish lake, from a canoe with but two-inch



Camp at Grand Lake, Algonquin Park, Ontario.

free-board and no landing room for the fish. There was enormous expenditure of brawn and sweat when Narrow lake was found to be jammed with the spring-drive and we had to carry seven miles round it by a blazed trail through the bush. It had to be the hottest day of the summer at that!

Blazed trails, by the way, sound romantic but they may well prove tragic for greenhorns. This greenhorn, despite our watchful eye, succeeded in losing it. Fortunately the loss and the man were soon discovered or he would never have had the chance to write home about it.

And one morning, following a night's downpour which dampened blankets and ardour a bit, we found a fire ranger's cabin and moved in. Charlie's hospitality was of that backwoods variety that insists upon "visiting folk" consuming double portions of venison and bannock and quarts of boiled tea, and crawling into comfortable bunks and dry blankets o' nights. Such civilized luxuries do have their place, there's no denying it, and this was the place. That night the skies cleared and a cold moon lay over the wilderness. Suddenly the sleepers awoke with an ominous whining scream in their ears.

"What's that?" demanded the Englishman.

"Wolf pack baying at the moon!" drawled Charlie from the other bunk.

For minutes the menacing noise continued, while we lay watching the milky splashes of moonlight through the narrow panes and appreciating the solid comfort of log walls. Then just as suddenly came the silence, broken for an hour by the swapping of wolf stories, revealing why nobody loves a wolf.

Yes, there are wolves in the Algonquin but you seldom see or hear them. You do see and hear deer around the margin of every lake as the setting sun throws its crimson and gold flood lights across the water. They steal on velvet hoofs down secret trails, leading their fawns to the feast of lily-roots and drink; and if the canoeist turns into a drifting log he may learn a lot more of the animal kingdom than ever appears in books.

And there are beaver, in all their prehistoric liberty, fraternity and pursuit of happiness, so busy building lodges, felling trees and damming rivers that even the clumsiest human can be an eye witness of their family affairs. The greenhorn — to say nothing of the woman and the child

— will not soon forget that windless night we drifted close to a beaver lodge, listening to the cutting chisel teeth within, the minute squeaks of beaver kittens, the crackling crash of falling poplars; all coming to a sudden end when an unseen beaver came upon us from behind and spanked the water with a watery explosion that shook canoe and wilderness from end to end.

"What was that?" whispered our stolid greenhorn, as though "that" hadn't been enough to cause any ordinary mortal to jump into any lake!

The last few days, by way of change, led through white waters, where the feminine element had to take to the rocky shore and their moccasined feet, and where the masculine had to track the canoe down long rock-toothed rapids on the end of a rope; at times thrillingly relieved by spill-ways of deeper water where the rapids could be run with a fair enough chance of success.

But enough of such incidents! These and a million more of the same and yet always different, spell Algonquin. And what a "spell!" Shake it off if you can! Turn back to your desk or your dish-mop, your seven trumps or your next-door neighbour; decide to put the gypsy out of your system and be a civilized human being from now on, and yet you'll dream dreams and see visions in spite of yourself — of misted spruce-bristled islands, fire blackened hill-sides, soaring lightning-riven rampikes, cool-shadowed trails, moons that "come up like a bubble above the black fir trees," rain-smoke hanging on the water, wood-smoke rising thin and blue above the yellow beach. You'll be hurrying down the street when suddenly you'll get a whiff of damp alder or damp fern or rotting wood and be conscious of the cruelty of pavement and the indifference of shoe-leather. You will drop into a restaurant without appetite and without interest and be gazing aimlessly over the changeless bill-of-fare, when suddenly you see a picture of sizzling trout in the pan, the brown coffee bubbling in the old billy and hear the rapids calling from below the last portage.

It may be only the street-cars calling, or the newsboy, but what with the catch in your throat and the mist in your eyes you think maybe it is something more real, more vital, more satisfying to soul and stomach and sinew — Algonquin Calling — and you go!



A strike, Algonquin Park, Ontario.

Sunny Side Farm. — Opeongo Lake, Algonquin Park.

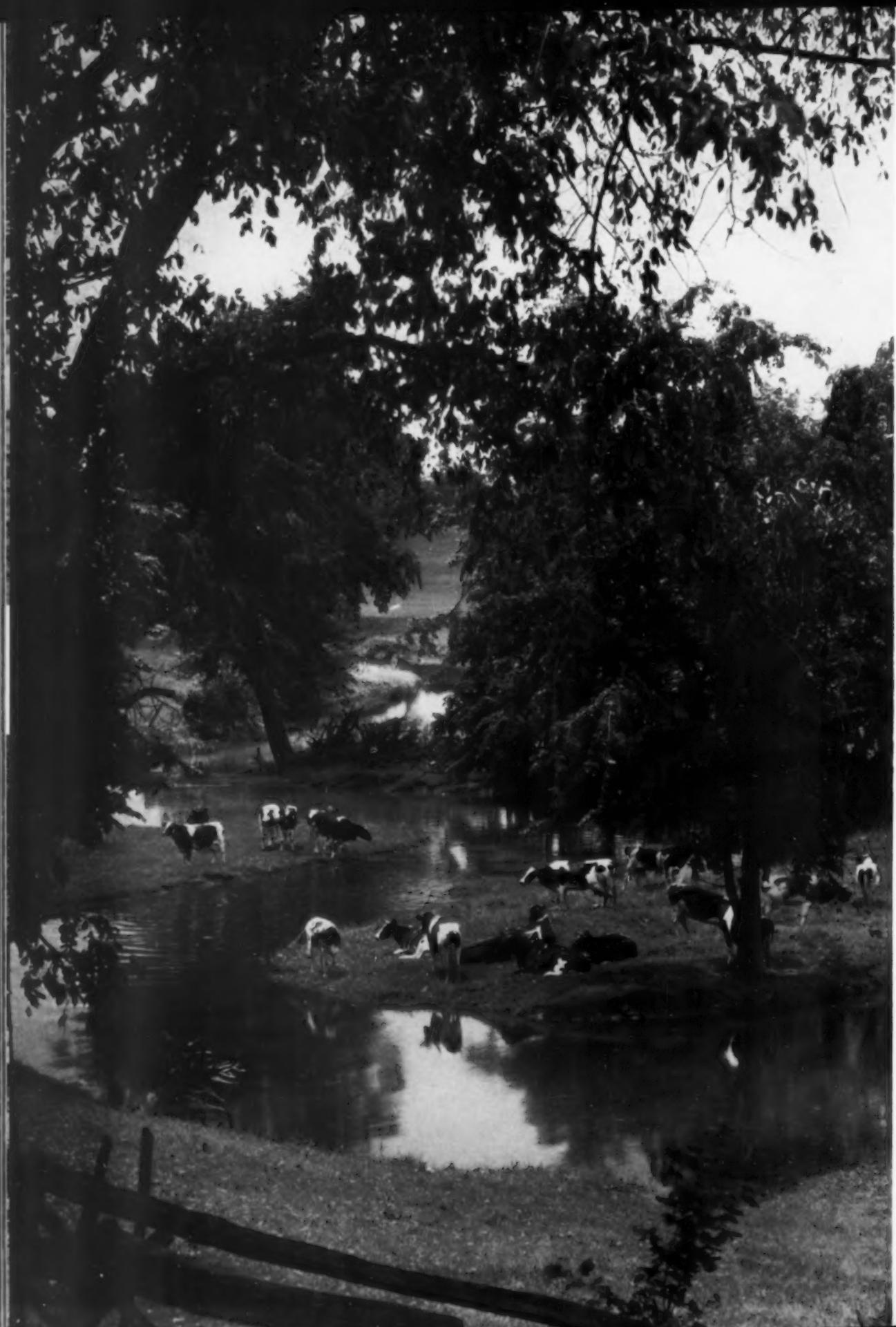




Canoeing—Petawawa River, Ontario.

Canoeing—Island Lake, Algonquin Park, Ontario.





THE STORY OF DAIRYING IN CANADA

by J. A. RUDDICK

HISTORY does not help those who would seek to determine at what period the human race first used butter and cheese for food. Archaeologists have traced the matter back some 6,000 years, and there the trail seems to end at present. It will probably make little difference to this or future generations if it is never followed any farther. At any rate, we can assert with confidence that the making of these products is one of the oldest of the technical arts. It may have ante-dated the domestication of the cow, for the milk of the goat, sheep, mare, ass, camel, yak and the water buffalo has been and still is used extensively in Eastern Europe and parts of Asia.

It is very probable that the well-known cottage cheese is the oldest form of milk product, an assumption that is supported by the fact of the natural souring and curdling of milk. This acid curdled cheese would be the only kind possible until the use of rennet to curdle sweet milk was discovered. No one knows when this occurred, but the discovery made possible the production of more than 1,000 varieties of cheese now made throughout the world by modifications in the process following the addition of rennet to the milk.

It is thought that butter may have been first produced, accidentally, by the agitation which milk or cream received when transported in a skin container by some nomadic tribe. As a matter of fact butter of a sort is produced in that manner to-day by some of the primitive people of Central Asia.

In a sense the dairy industry had its beginning in Canada with the first permanent introduction of cattle by Champlain, after the founding of Quebec in 1608. Jacques Cartier landed some cattle in 1541, and domestic animals were brought to the settlement at Port Royal (now Annapolis), Nova Scotia, but none of these survived. The Quebec colony established a dairy farm at Cap Tourmente, about 30 miles below the city on the north shore, which is still a going concern, and believed to be the oldest dairy farm on the continent. There were further importations of cattle

from France in 1665. Descendants of these original stocks are now registered as the French-Canadian pure breed.

The United Empire Loyalists, and others who followed them from the United States introduced cattle into the Eastern Townships, and also laid the foundation of Ontario's herds along the St. Lawrence, on the shore of Lake Ontario and in the Niagara district.

In the Maritimes, the Acadians acquired cattle before the middle of the 17th century, and during the next 100 years these had increased to a considerable number. This original stock was added to after 1755 by the settlers who came to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick from New England.

A herd of 300 cattle, brought in from the United States in 1823 to serve the needs of Lord Selkirk's Red River Settlement, was the beginning of dairying west of the Great Lakes. In the next 20 years, cows were reported at Hudson's Bay forts, along the Saskatchewan River, down the Mackenzie as far as Fort Simpson, and even in the northern interior of British Columbia. When the Hudson's Bay Company moved their western headquarters from the Columbia River to Victoria in 1843, they brought in a large number of cattle and very soon had two large dairy farms established in the vicinity of the Fort. These animals were from stock procured from the missions in California and were most likely of Spanish origin.

It was from these various sources that the common or grade cow of Canada has descended, and constituted the whole bovine population down to the introduction of the pure breeds. Lord Dalhousie, while Governor of Nova Scotia (1816-1820) and Governor-General of British North America (1820-1828), was instrumental in having some improved animals from Ayrshire brought in to Nova Scotia and to Montreal, but regular importation of pure-bred Ayrshires did not begin until about 1850. The Shorthorn came in rather earlier, some importations having been made in 1825 and 1833. The pure-bred Jersey appeared in 1868, the Guernsey in 1878 and the

LEFT:—Dairy herd in ideal surroundings.

Courtesy, International Harvester Company

first Holstein-Friesian in 1882-83. It was some years, however, before there were a sufficient number of the pure-breeds to affect much change in the general character of the stock as a whole, but since the beginning of the present century, with greatly increased numbers, their influence has been very marked. The Dominion Bureau of Statistics estimated the total number of milk cows in Canada on June 30, 1936, at 3,874,000, plus 841,000 yearlings. Of this total there is said to be well over 300,000 of the special dairy breeds registered. The influence of the pure-breeds really goes much farther than mere numbers would indicate, for there has been extensive infusion of the pure blood into the common stock. Moreover, these new herds, with their relatively high production and the care exercised by the owners in selection and breeding, have been a standing example to the owners of grade herds, who have thus been stimulated to give more attention to these matters, with very good results.

The term improvement when applied to a dairy herd means only one thing and that is greater production of milk. While the average production of milk per cow in Canada is still below that found in some other dairying countries, it is gratifying to know that it is increasing. No exact figures can be quoted, but those who have had occasion to study the matter closely believe that there has been an increase per cow of nearly 50 per cent since 1900.

An urgent need of pioneer settlers was to obtain one or more cows to supply the family with milk and butter. There was much difficulty in securing a supply of winter feed at first, or until some clearing was done and meadows laid down. During the summer months the cattle could feed on the foliage of young trees and other forest growth, but this sort of fodder could not be saved for winter use.

As the land was cleared conditions improved, the herds were increased and a surplus of butter was available to be "traded" for store goods of one kind and another. Many farmers also made a little cheese for home use either from whole milk or from skim-milk after removal of the cream for butter-making. If the truth must be told, however, some of these skim-milk cheeses, made without skill, were more suitable for grindstones than for human consumption.

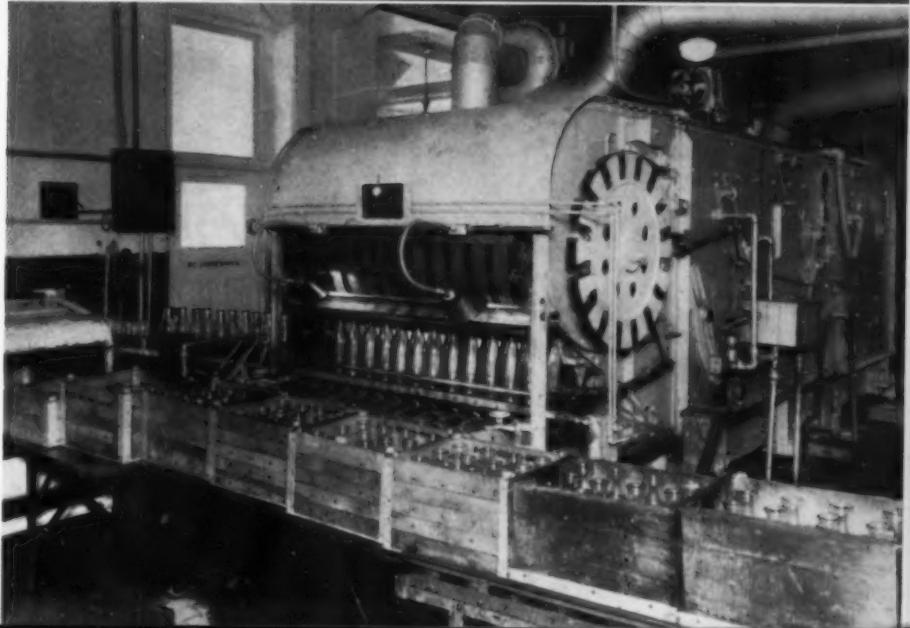
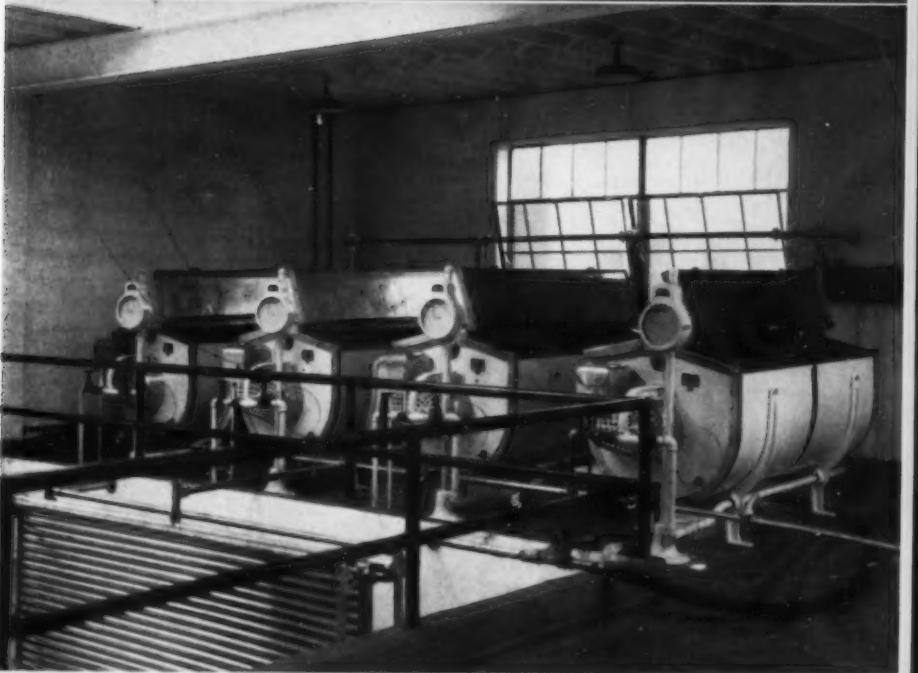
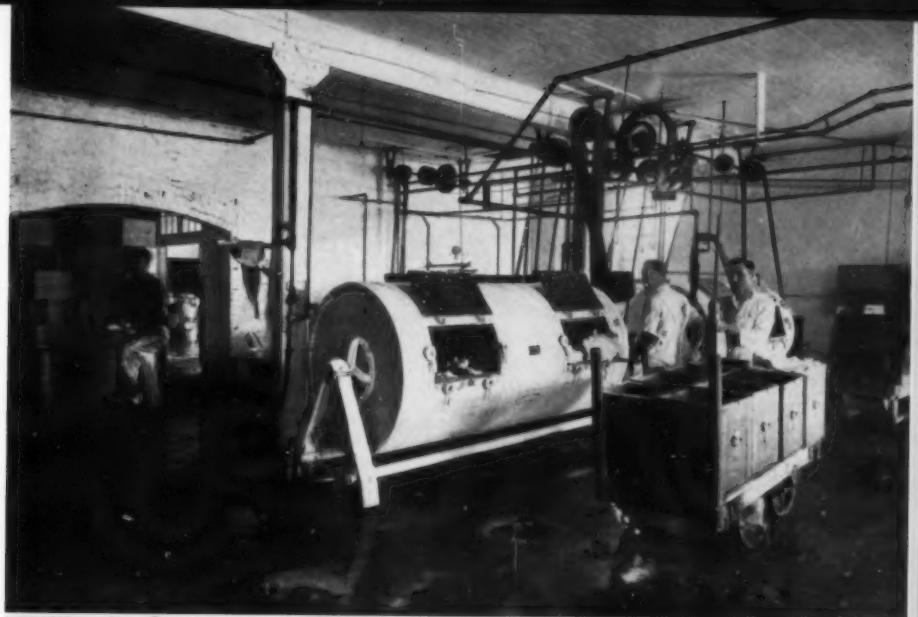
By the middle of the last century, farm-made cheese was recorded in nearly every country in Ontario and many districts in Quebec and the Maritime Provinces. On the majority of the farms cheese was made only for the use of the family. It was an occasional rather than a regular practice. The work was done in the farm kitchen with more or less make-shift utensils. On the other hand there were farms where the manufacturer of cheese for sale was a regular business, and provided an important, if not a major, source of revenue. In the forties and fifties there were farms in Oxford County where 80 to 100 cows were milked. In these cases a special building was provided, often called a factory, and equipped with apparatus not very different to that in use in a modern cheese factory. Buttermaking was more universal on farms than cheesemaking. Practically every farm household supplied its own table, and before the factory system came in, there was a considerable surplus for export.

The following table has been compiled from the Census of 1861.

Table I. Butter and Cheese Produced on Farms by Provinces in 1861.

	Butter	Cheese
	lbs.	lbs.
Prince Edward Island	711,487	109,133
Nova Scotia.....	4,532,711	901,296
New Brunswick	4,591,477	218,067
Quebec	15,906,949	686,297
Ontario.....	25,822,264	2,687,172

This brings us to the establishment of the factory system, and the beginning of the modern phase of dairying in Canada, the most important mile-stone in the history of the industry. The first cheese factory was started near the village of Norwich, in Oxford County, Ontario, in 1864, and the first successful creamery began operations at Helena, Huntingdon County, Quebec, in 1873. The cheese factory developed and multiplied much more rapidly than the creamery did. Apart from the earlier start, the cheese factory was at full efficiency at the beginning. While there have been minor changes in methods and practice, and labour-saving devices have been brought into use, with improvement in sanitary construction and disposal of waste, fundamentally the cheese factory operates on much the same basis as it did seventy years ago. The methods employed in the first creameries were crude and inefficient, recovering not more than eighty per cent of the butter from the milk.



Churning room in a Manitoba creamery.

Battery of cream pasteurizers.

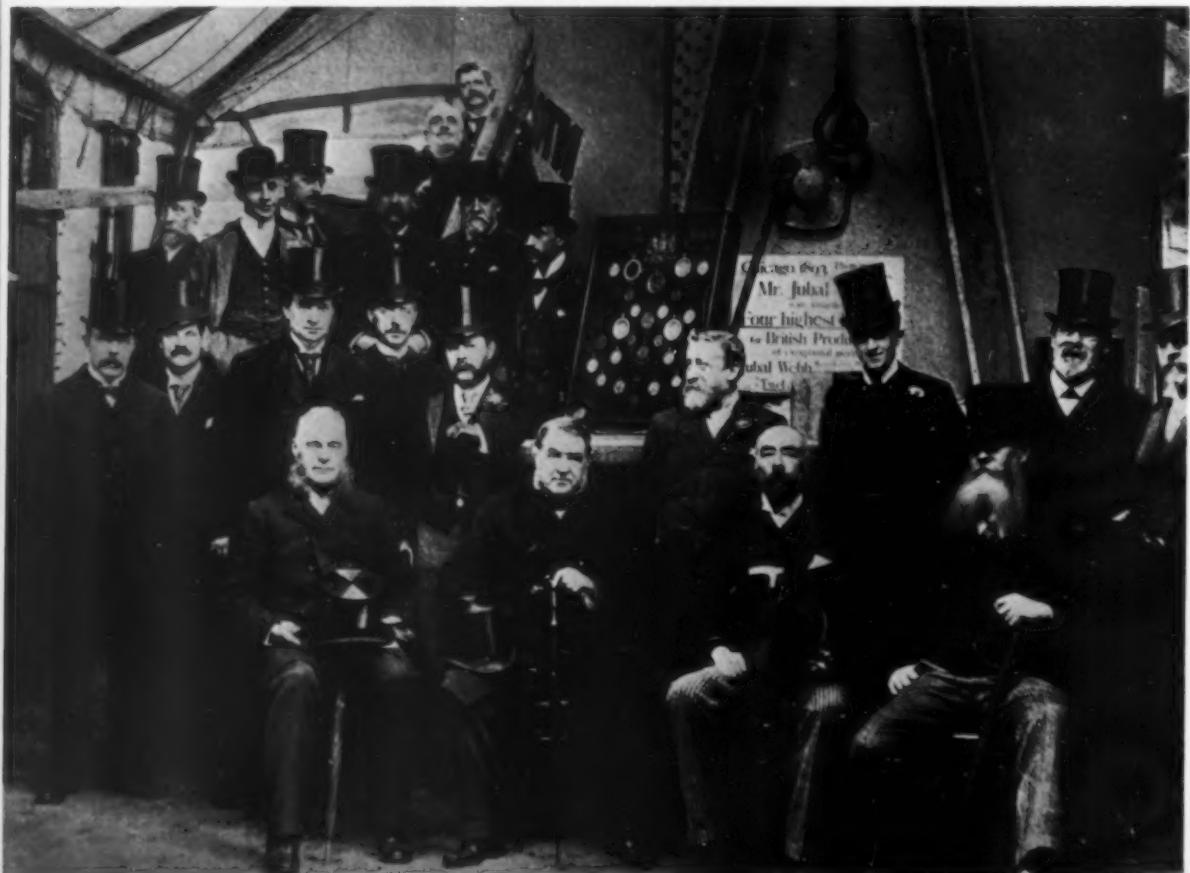
An automatic bottle washer

Photos by
Associated Screen News



A large cheese, weight 7,000 pounds, made by Hiram Ranney and James Harris, at Ingersoll, Ontario, 1866. It was shown at the New York State Fair at Saratoga and at the provincial exhibition, Kingston, Ontario.

A mammoth cheese, weight 22,000 pounds, was made at the Dominion Dairy Station, Perth, Ontario, in 1892, and shown at the World's Fair, Chicago, in 1893. The photograph was taken in London, England, just before the cheese was cut for distribution. Sir Charles Tupper, Canadian High Commissioner, will be noticed in the centre of the group. The author of this article was in charge of the manufacture of the cheese.





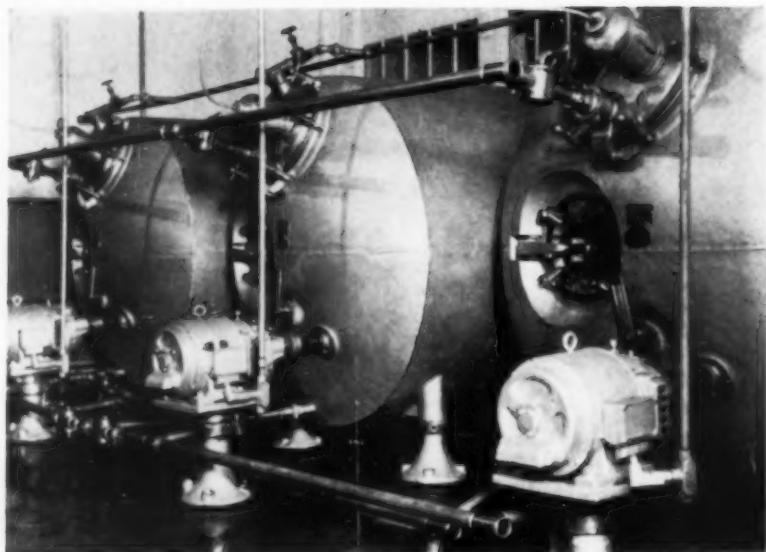
One of the early cheese factories at Harrietsville, Ontario, built in 1866, and operated by Robert Facey. Rebuilt on modern lines many years ago, it is now owned and operated by Robert Facey's son.

An old-time creamery, operated for some years near Owen Sound, Ontario. The large wooden tanks were used for collecting cream. Photos by courtesy C. G. M. P. B.

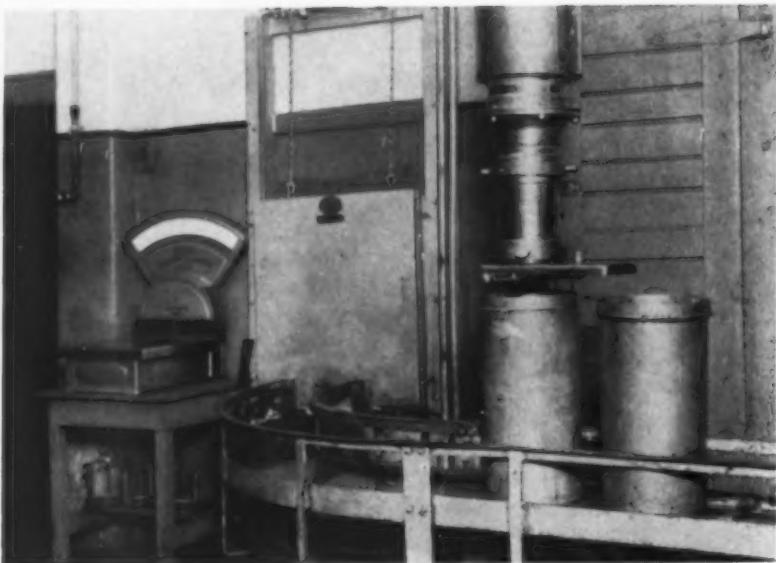




Where ice cream bricks are packed.



The ice cream section at the City Dairy Co. Toronto plant.



Ice cream tubs being filled.

That wonderfully perfect machine, the centrifugal cream separator had not yet been developed. The first one was installed in a Quebec creamery in 1882. After that date the creamery made more progress; a progress that was accelerated when the hand separator came into use on farms in the middle of the 'nineties', and gave the farmer sweet skimmed milk for his young stock and reduced the cost of haulage.

The creameries were, originally, all located in the country and organized and operated on the same general plan as the cheese factories. But the hand separator and the motor truck, along with some other factors have closed many of the country creameries, and the business has been transferred to larger establishments in towns and cities, where buttermaking is in many cases associated with milk distribution and the manufacture of ice cream.

The production of cheese increased steadily until 1903, in which year the exports were 233,980,716 pounds. If home consumption at that period is added it gives a total production of about 250,000,000 pounds. Production of cheese then began to decline and was only 100,360,300 pounds for the calendar year of 1935. The indications are that the figures for 1936, when complete, will show an increase of over 20 per cent. The decline in factory cheese was due not to decreased milk production in the cheese making sections, but to diversion of milk into other channels that gave the producer a better return. It went to supply the growing demand for fluid milk and cream in urban communities, to the new concentrated milk factories and creameries, and in the years 1911 to 1932 the cream and milk exported to the United States was the equivalent of 229,540,425 pounds of butter or 478,625,885 pounds of cheese.

Cheese factories have been established in all the provinces, but in Nova Scotia they have discontinued cheesemaking in favour of buttermaking. In 1935 Ontario and Quebec produced 95 per cent of the total output.

When the cheese factories were well established the making of cheese on farms was almost entirely abandoned, except for a few special varieties, like the "Oka" made at the Trappist monastery at Oka, Quebec, the "Fromage Raffiné", which has been made on a few farms on the Island of Orleans for 300 years, and a cream cheese made

by several families along the Richelieu River.

Farm butter is still produced to the extent of 75,000,000 to 100,000,000 pounds per year. Most of it is consumed by those who make it. Comparatively small quantities appear on local markets under the legal designation of "Dairy" butter.

Accurate reports of creamery butter production were not kept before 1900, in which year the total output was only 36,066,739 pounds. In 1935, it had risen to 238,854,600 pounds. But this large increase lagged so far behind the growing home consumption in the years 1913 to 1916 and in 1928 to 1932, that a net importation in those years of 110,000,000 pounds was necessary to meet all demands.

From December 1, 1917 to February 29, 1924, when the prohibition against oleomargarine, imposed in 1886, was temporarily suspended as a war measure, Canadians consumed 51,922,250 pounds of this butter substitute.

The production of creamery butter is more evenly distributed than that of cheese. Ontario and Quebec produced 60 per cent of the total in 1935, and the three prairie provinces about 29 per cent.

Canada exports some cheese to the United States. The quantity varies from year to year. In the calendar year 1936 the volume was 11,456,400 pounds, as compared with 474,900 pounds in 1935. Newfoundland, Bermuda and the West Indies take practically all their requirements from Canada but the quantities are unimportant. The only market for Canadian cheese that really matters is that of the United Kingdom. Normally 90 to 95 per cent of the Canadian surplus goes to that market. The requirements of the United Kingdom market is the standard that Canadian makers have before them at all times.

In the early years of the export trade Canadian cheese had to compete with the product of the United States, which led in both quantity and quality until 1890, when the position was reversed in both respects. A few years later United States cheese ceased to be a factor in the market. In 1904 Canada exported 233,980,716 pounds or 70 per cent of all cheese imported and 95 per cent of cheese of the same type (cheddar). It was at this date that production and export of Canadian cheese began to decline, and at the same time a new competitor had to be considered with

supplies from New Zealand increasing rapidly. By 1923, the volume of New Zealand cheese exceeded that of Canadian and is now very much larger. But if Canada has surrendered the lead in quantity to her Antipodean rival, she still holds firmly to the lead in quality, as proved by the premium of one to two cents a pound for Canadian over all competitors in the same class. This seems to justify the policy of "Quality First" which has prevailed in the cheese industry for many years.

The total export of cheese for the calendar year 1936 was 81,890,300 pounds, an increase of 26,171,600 pounds, or 43 per cent, over that of the year 1935.

The grand total of the cheese exported from 1868 to 1936 was 7,850,797,319 pounds, valued at \$1,055,644,876.

The export trade in butter which began before that of cheese has been irregular, and the record shows several ups and downs. From 1868 to 1882 the annual volume varied from 9,000,000 to 19,000,000 pounds. From 1883 to 1896 it never rose higher than 8,000,000 pounds. Down to 1896 the exports consisted almost entirely of farm or dairy butter. It was the practice to hold it in cellars, or other cool places, until late in the autumn when the surplus was shipped to the United Kingdom. In the middle nineties', cold storage became available at Montreal, and in 1897 refrigerated space was provided in steamships sailing from that port. The Dominion Government assisted in providing this service with subventions up to \$10,000 per steamship. Safe ocean transport thus provided, the export of creamery butter began. In 1903 the all time record of 34,128,944 pounds was reached. After this date, as we have already seen, home consumption increased more rapidly than production, and the exports have been irregular and smaller. During the past five years the average net export was 4,252,000 pounds. The total export of butter during the fiscal years 1868 to 1936 was 764,175,862 pounds, valued at \$184,969,802. Possibly the enormous volume of milk required to produce this cheese and butter which has been exported may be better appreciated if stated in another way. It would make a lake three miles long, one mile wide and 18 feet deep from shore to shore and supply a small river 10 feet wide and one foot deep, flowing at the rate of three miles per hour for 296 days.

A statement issued by the Dominion Dairy Branch, in which all dairy production, exports and imports are reduced to a fat equivalent, shows that the percentage of total production exported after deducting imports was 36.3 in 1900 and only 5.1 in 1935.

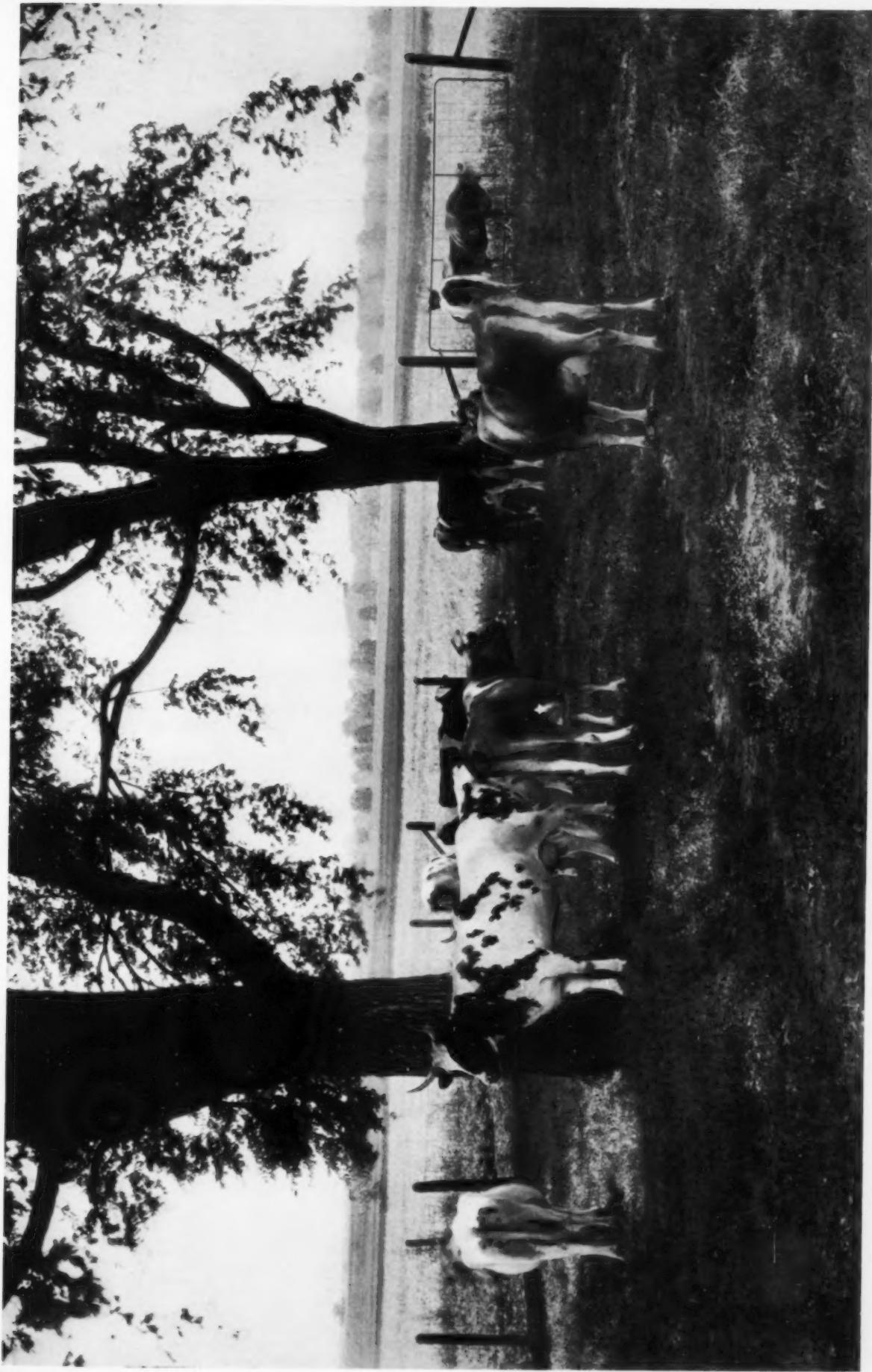
Throughout the ages down to the middle of the 19th century butter and cheese were the only products of milk. After 1855 some progress was made in the production of condensed milk. The first condensery in Canada was started at Truro, Nova Scotia, in 1883, but this branch of the industry has been developed chiefly in southwestern Ontario. At first sugar was added to condensed milk as a preservative. As technique and appliances have been improved an unsweetened product, commonly known as evaporated milk, has largely replaced the other in Canada. The manufacture of another form of concentrated milk, generally known as powdered milk, was started in 1894 at Brownsville, Oxford County. Whole milk, cream and skimmed milk are processed in both forms. Concentrated milks are now an important item in the industry.

There has been a large increase in ice cream production since it became recognized as a food as well as an agreeable confection. At one time a household or caterer's product, its manufacture is now highly specialized on a factory scale.

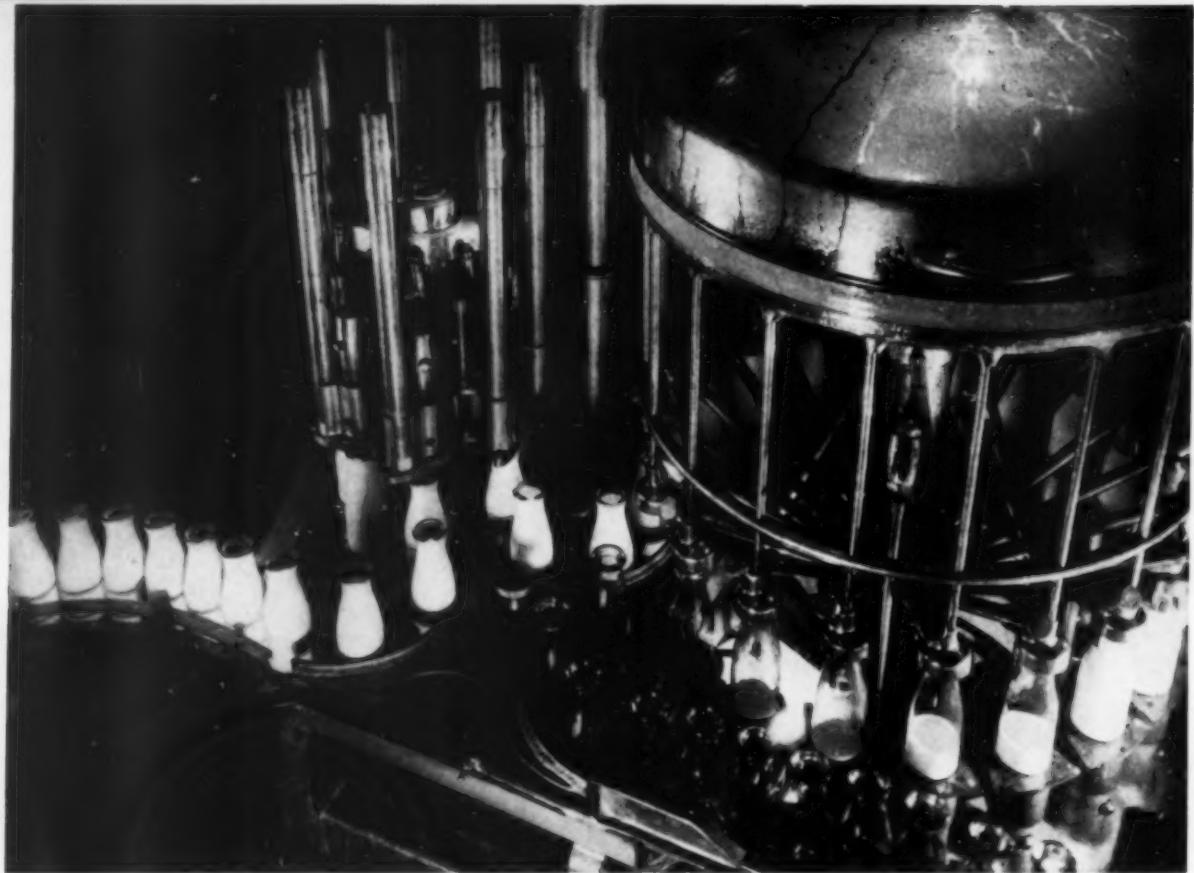
Casein, the dried curd of skimmed milk, used for a great variety of purposes such as wood finishing, paper sizing, adhesives, imitation ivory, toilet articles, buttons etc., is not produced on a large scale in Canada for the reason that very little skimmed milk is available for such a purpose. It is retained on the farms where it is valued for feeding. Casein is produced in New Zealand, the Argentine, and in parts of the United States where there are large whole milk creameries and little feeding demand for the skim-milk.

Sugar of milk or lactose is obtained from whey by evaporation. It has very little sweetening value, and is used chiefly in pharmacy.

Table II, compiled by the Dominion Dairy Branch partly from figures collected by the Bureau of Statistics, shows in condensed form the total production of milk in Canada in the calendar year 1935, and how it was utilized. It will be observed that there is more used for direct consumption than for any other single purpose.



Mixed herd at the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa.



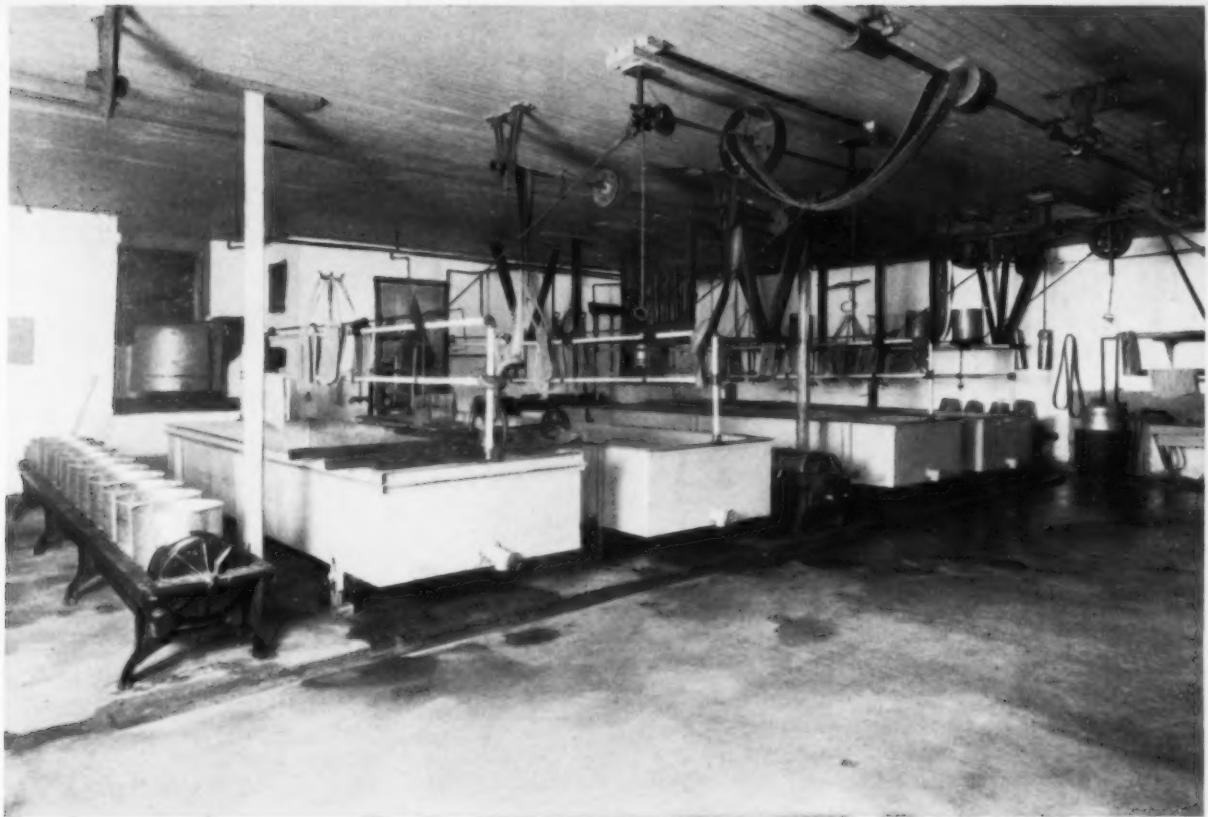
Milk bottled and capped automatically.

Photo by courtesy City Dairy, Toronto.

The Dairy Research Laboratory, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Photo by courtesy C. G. M. P. B.

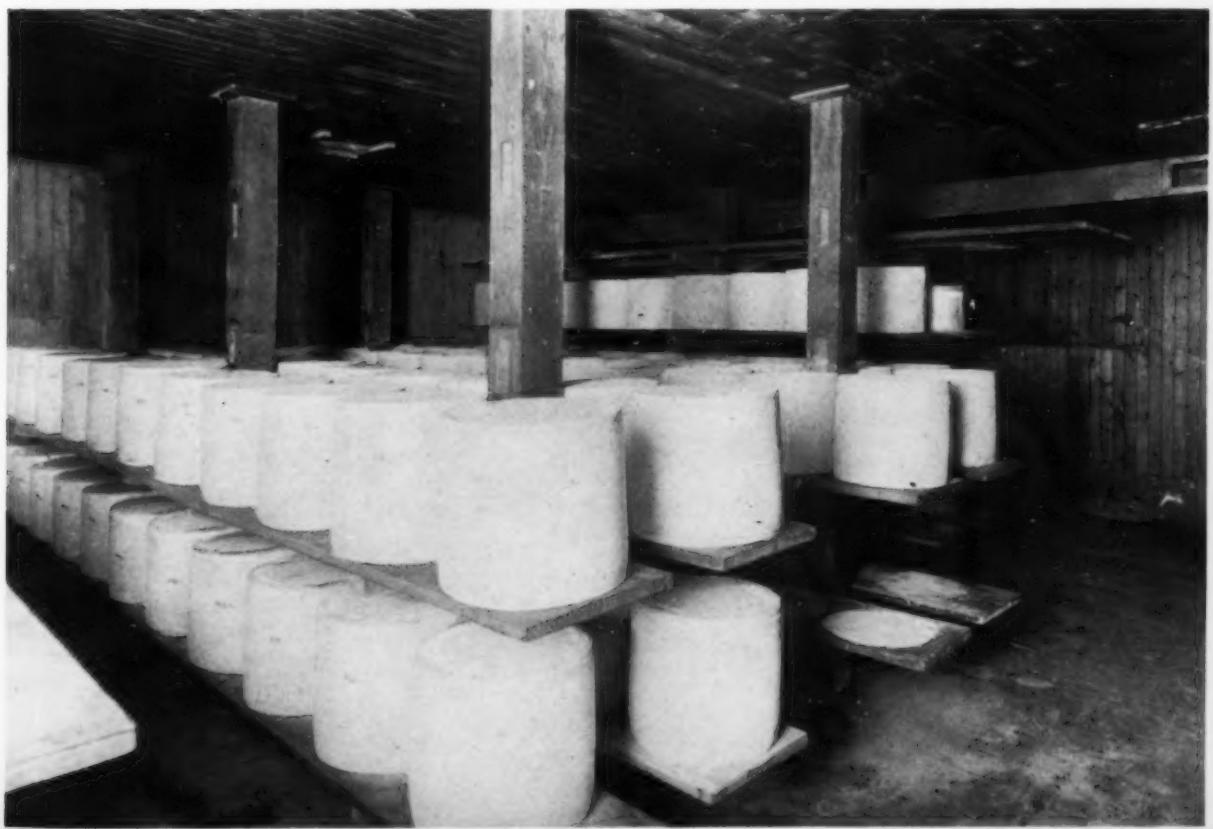




Interior scene cheese factory, Walbridge, Ontario, showing milk vats "with agitators."

Courtesy, Ontario Travel and Publicity Bureau.

Cheese in Curing Room, Walbridge Cheese Factory, Hastings County, Ontario.





Government butter graders at work.

Government cheese graders at work.

Photos by courtesy C. G. M. P. B.



THE STORY OF DAIRYING IN CANADA

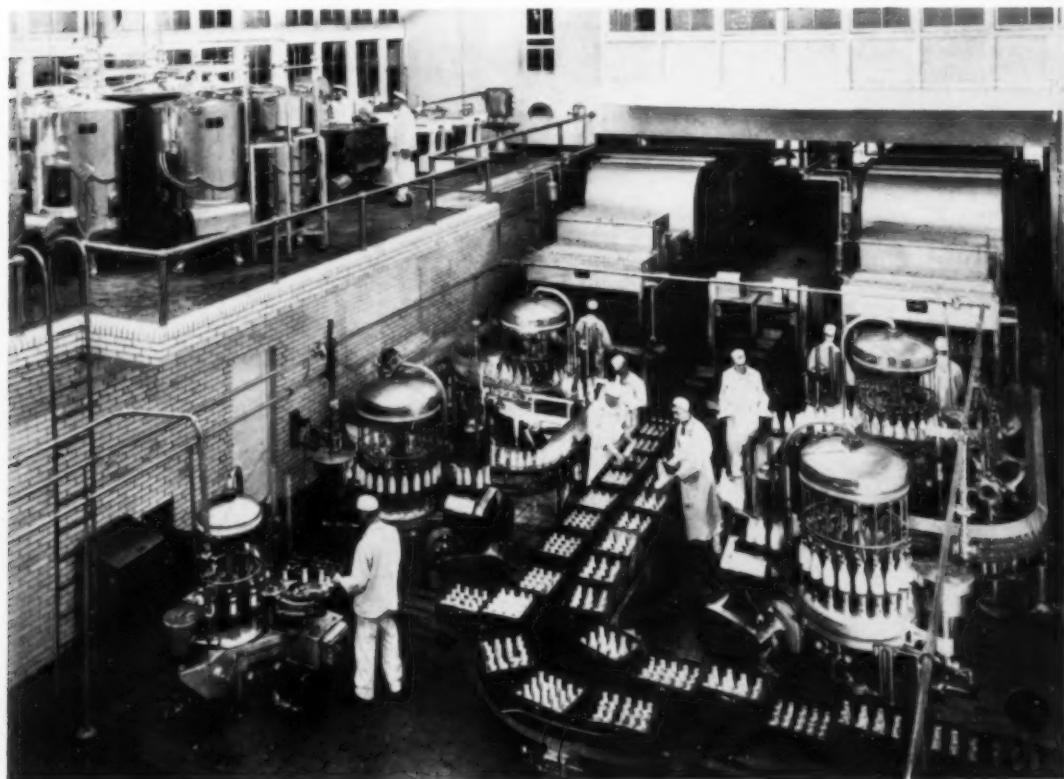
The making of butter and cheese was carried out through the ages down to the last quarter of the 19th century wholly by "rule of thumb." There was no scientific basis for the practice followed. It was handed down from mother to daughter or from man to man.

Outstanding cheese and buttermakers were employed as travelling instructors in the early 'eighties' with the object of improving and standardizing methods and practice, a service still in force, which proves its value. A professor of dairying was appointed at the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, in 1885. Dairy schools were established at Guelph, Ontario, St. Hyacinthe, Quebec, and Kingston, Ontario, in 1893-94, to be followed later by schools and classes in other provinces. The present position of Canadian cheese—at the top of the market—is evidence of the value of these services. Through these agencies cheese and buttermakers acquired some theoretical knowledge of chemistry and bacteriology and thus came to know something of the principles underlying their work.

There is much that might be written as to the promotion of the industry by the dominion and provincial governments.

The Dominion took the first step in 1890 in the appointment of a dairy commissioner and the organization of the Dairy Branch of the Department of Agriculture. The provincial services were set up later. But this is not the occasion, even if there were space, to relate the activities of the governments in detail. It will suffice to say that the functions of the dominion and provincial governments have been clearly defined to the satisfaction of all concerned. The provinces deal with the operation of factories, provide instructors and dairy schools and are generally responsible for the maintenance of quality in the products. The Dominion makes, and carries out regulations respecting standards, packages, weights, branding, grading and transportation. It also collects and circulates market information, dairy news and matters of interest from other countries. Scientific dairy research is an important function of the Dominion service.

There can be no doubt that the dairy industry has made a valuable contribution to the upbuilding of Canadian agriculture.



Fairly complete picture in City Dairy Co. plant, Toronto, showing milk coming in at section above and filling and crating ready for delivery below.



Photo by Bauslaugh, Winnipeg.

Buttermaking laboratory, Manitoba Agricultural College.

Three beauties from a Brampton herd.

Photo by H. A. Strohmeyer, Jr., New York.





Milking machine in operation at the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa.

Hand milking — the time honoured way.



EDITOR'S NOTE BOOK

Explorers' Club Dinner in New York

A complimentary dinner given in New York by the Explorers' Club of that city to the trans-polar Russian flyers on June 30, 1937, was attended by Dr. Charles Camsell, as the official representative of the Canadian Geographical Society, and of the Council of the Northwest Territories.

About one thousand people sat down to dinner, among whom were many famous for work in the polar regions or in aviation.

Among the guest speakers was the Russian Ambassador to the United States, who dealt briefly with the purpose of the flight and the conditions in Russia which made such a flight possible. At the conclusion of the dinner the navigator sketched on a large map the route followed from Moscow to Portland, Oregon, showing that the Moscow meridian was followed fairly closely up to the pole, beyond which they came down into Canada on the line of the 124th meridian. It was interesting to note that on reaching Simpson on Mackenzie river, they turned westward to the Pacific ocean, through the gap in the eastern ranges of the Canadian Cordillera about latitude 60° N, first traversed by air in 1935 by Dr. Camsell, and the following year by Sir James MacBrien, Commissioner of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police; and through which an airmail service from Edmonton to Whitehorse is now being established.

The flyers failed to reach their objective at San Francisco only because of bad weather over the State of Oregon, but they accomplished what is said to be the second longest non-stop flight so far made.

John A. Ruddick has spent his whole working life, of 52 years, in connection with the dairying industry. After gaining a wide practical experience in every branch of the industry he entered the Dominion service in 1891, and thus began a career, covering the whole of Canada which ended only with Statutory retirement at 70 in 1932. Mr. Ruddick's official career may be summarized as follows:—

General organizer and promoter 1891-1898, and Principal Kingston Dairy school, winter seasons, 1894-1898. Dairy commissioner for New Zealand 1898-1900. Accepted an offer to return to Canada and re-enter the Dominion service. Chief Dairy division 1900-1904. Dominion Dairy commissioner 1905-1932. Made numerous visits to the United Kingdom in the interests of the trade in dairy products. Was sent to Australia and New Zealand in 1923 to report the progress of dairying in those countries. Was invited by the Government of the Argentine to report and advise on the dairy industry in that country. Represented Canada at International Dairy congresses at The Hague, Berne, Syracuse, London and Copenhagen and International Refrigeration Congresses at Chicago, and London, England. He was for years Canada's representative on The International Dairy federation, Brussels, and the International Institute of Refrigeration, Paris. In 1924, Queen's University conferred on him the honorary degree of LL.D.

Visitors to Canada's National Parks

Tourist travel to Canada's National Parks established an all-time record during the fiscal year 1936-37. In the period April, 1936, to March 31, 1937, visitors totalled 908,161, an increase of 17 per cent over the previous year. During the past decade the number of visitors entering the parks represents an average annual increase of more than 130 per cent.

Canadian Geological Survey, 1937

Embracing all the provinces and territories in which economic minerals are found, the geology of approximately 45,000 square miles of territory will be studied and mapped throughout Canada during the field season of 1937 by the Geological Survey of the Dominion Government. In addition another 20,000 square miles will be mapped topographically, part by aerial photography and the remainder by ground methods.

THE SMOKE OF THE
BRITISH EMPIRE

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Sky Line Hikers

The annual Sky Line trail hike is to be held this year in Banff National Park, Alberta, August 6 to 9. The hikers will use as a base a central camp in Larch Valley near Moraine Lake, and an attractive variety of hiking trails will be at their command. The site is well sheltered and is wild and romantic with its background of jagged cliffs and outlook on snow-peaked ranges. The accommodations will be in tents, as there are no permanent buildings in Larch Valley. A well heated central tent will be used for community purposes.

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Syllabarium.

\bar{a} \bar{e} \bar{o} \bar{u} FINALS.

$\bar{p}\bar{a}$ \bar{v} $\bar{p}e$ $\bar{p}o$ $\bar{p}u$ $\bar{p} < p$ \bar{p}
 $\bar{t}\bar{a}$ \bar{U} $\bar{t}e$ $\bar{t}o$ $\bar{t}u$ $\bar{t} < t$ \bar{t}
 $\bar{k}\bar{a}$ \bar{q} $\bar{k}e$ $\bar{k}o$ $\bar{k}u$ $\bar{k} < k$ \bar{k}
 $\bar{g}\bar{a}$ \bar{I} $\bar{g}e$ $\bar{g}o$ $\bar{g}u$ $\bar{g} < g$ \bar{g}
 $\bar{m}\bar{a}$ \bar{I} $\bar{m}e$ $\bar{m}o$ $\bar{m}u$ $\bar{m} < m$ \bar{m}
 $\bar{n}\bar{a}$ \bar{O} $\bar{n}e$ $\bar{n}o$ $\bar{n}u$ $\bar{n} < n$ \bar{n}
 $\bar{s}\bar{a}$ \bar{h} $\bar{s}e$ $\bar{s}o$ $\bar{s}u$ $\bar{s} < s$ \bar{s}
 $\bar{l}\bar{a}$ \bar{u} $\bar{l}e$ $\bar{l}o$ $\bar{l}u$ $\bar{l} < l$ \bar{l}
 $\bar{y}\bar{a}$ $\bar{h}ye$ $\bar{h}yo$ $\bar{h}yu$ \bar{h}
 $\bar{v}\bar{a}$ $\bar{V}ve$ $\bar{A}vo$ $\bar{V}vu$ $\bar{V} < v$ \bar{v}
 $\bar{r}\bar{a}$ $\bar{u}re$ $\bar{u}ro$ $\bar{p}ru$ $\bar{h} < r$ \bar{h}

The syllabary is a list of characters representing syllables in the Cree Indian language, adapted for the use of the Eskimos of the Eastern Arctic. The list is printed on pasteboard and each of the characters is detachable so that they may be arranged to form words and sentences. The idea of using pieces of pasteboard in studying and teaching the Eskimo language, was originated by Major D. L. McKeand, veteran leader of the Eastern Arctic Patrol, when he noticed the great interest aroused in the natives of the far north by jig-saw puzzles which he had distributed among them. It is believed that the syllabary will be of great value in teaching the young Eskimo to read and write in his own method of expression. Major McKeand collaborated with his friend Mr. Robert P. Isbister of Hamilton, Ontario, in producing the list of characters, twelve thousand of which will be distributed among the Eskimos by the 1937 Eastern Arctic Patrol on board R.M.S. "Nascopie."

AMONGST THE NEW BOOKS

The fifth and penultimate volume of *The Encyclopaedia of Canada* (University Associates of Canada, Toronto, 1937), fully maintains the high quality of this praiseworthy Canadian work of reference, produced under the general editorship of Mr. W. STEWART WALLACE, Librarian of the University of Toronto. Among the articles in this volume that will be of special interest to the members of the Canadian Geographical Society are those on Nova Scotia, by Prof. GEORGE E. WILSON of Dalhousie University; on the North West Company, by the general editor; on Ontario, by F. LANDON, Librarian of the University of Western Ontario; on Prince Edward Island, by H. A. AIKEN, of Toronto; on the Province and City of Quebec, by AEGIDIUS FAUTEUX, Librarian of the Civic Library of Montreal, and Col. C. E. MARQUIS, Librarian of the Legislative Library of Quebec, respectively; on Saskatchewan, by PRESIDENT MURRAY of the University of Saskatchewan; and on the St. Lawrence Waterway Project, by Prof. GEORGE W. BROWN, of the University of Toronto; and on such places and persons as New Westminster, Niagara Falls, Jean Nicolet, Lake Nipissing, Nootka Sound, Norway House, Okanagan Lake, Lake Ontario, Ottawa, Ottawa River, John Palliser, Peter Pond, Port Arthur, Queen Charlotte Islands, Pierre Esprit Radisson, Rainy Lake, Regina, Restigouche River, Roads, Roberval, Rocky Mountains, St. Catherines, Saint John, St. Lawrence River, Sault Ste. Marie and Sherbrooke.

Sir John Franklin's Last Voyage, by WILLIAM GIBSON, F.R.G.S., *The Beaver*, outfit 269, No. 1, June, 1937. Published by The Hudson's Bay Company, Winnipeg, Man.

The amount of literature dealing with the ill-fated Franklin Expedition is very large. One of the most condensed summaries of what is known of the fate of Franklin and his companions appears in the recent edition of *the Beaver*, coming from the pen of Chief Trader William Gibson, one well qualified to tell the story.

Mr. Gibson has made an exhaustive study of the literature dealing with the Franklin tragedy but what is more important, he has lived in the Arctic for many years, and has travelled along the coasts traversed by Franklin's men on their tragic attempt to get south and make contact with civilization. His thorough knowledge of the Eskimo language, his understanding of the native psychology and intellectual oddities, and his keen deductive powers permit him to properly evaluate the various accounts of the legends regarding the Eskimo contact with some of Franklin's men, and of the accounts of the booty they derived from the ship and from material strewn along the course of the disastrous southerly trek. His critical analysis of the accounts of such explorers as Hall, McClintock, Schwatka and others assists in clearing up some obscure points. In his analysis he places most weight on the accounts of those whose lingual proficiency enabled them to properly relate the stories told by the natives.

Gibson utterly discredits the possibility of any of the members of the Franklin expedition protracting their existence amongst the Eskimos. He suggests that, in all probability, Franklin's remains were buried at sea since the ship was ice-bound. Had he been buried on land, a prominent cairn would show the last resting place of the leader of



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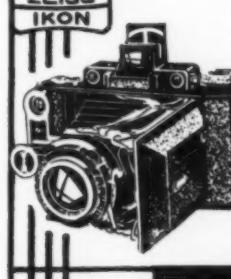
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the expedition. No trace of such a cairn has ever been found despite the search for it, nor has it been mentioned by natives who scoured the vicinity for articles of plunder.

The author's reconstruction of the Franklin tragedy is well worth perusal by anyone wishing to obtain the results of his research and personal ideas on this subject, or by anyone interested in the adventure, tragedy and heroism of early Arctic exploration.

D. A. NICHOLS.

The Nile, the Life-Story of a River, by EMIL LUDWIG, translated by Mary H. Lindsay, (Toronto, MacMillans of Canada, 1937, \$5.00). In this book a famous biographer attempts to give a description of the course of the Nile from its sources to the sea as if it were the life history of a person. "Ludwig gathers together for us the fabulously rich incidents of its life: the habits of the giraffe and the ostrich; of the human pygmies and giants; Colonel Marchand's attempt to found a French empire at Fashoda; bird parades; vast swamps that almost strangle the river; Abyssinia with its strange customs and curious history, whence comes the Blue Nile: the dervishes who killed Chinese Gordon at Khartoum: the Aswan Dam: the incredible life of luxury lived by Pharaoh near the temples of Karnak: camel-riding bedouins and cotton-growing fellahin . . . the Mameluke slaves who ruled over Egypt from Cairo," and a wealth of fascinating information covering centuries of the picturesque history of this 4,000-mile river. The illustrations are from photographs, and there are six excellent maps, an index, but no bibliography. The volume describes the White Nile, the Blue Nile and the Atbara, then the main Nile as far as Aswan. The description of Egypt is to follow in a second volume.

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